HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1892.

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OUT IN THE COLD.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 198.]

HARPER'S BAZAR, *devoted to interests exclusively feminine, including every department of dress and of household economy, from the kitchen to the parlor, enhanced by thousands of pictures, patterns, and designs, showing what to do or what should be the effect of what is done. . . . Full-page and double-page engravings of high quality are a special feature of the* BAZAR. . . . *Several good novels appear in each volume, and besides much minor fiction there is a great deal of the better class of gossip concerning persons about whom all women are curious, while the humorous page of each number is perfect of its kind. Neither at home nor abroad is there a periodical for women from which so large, handsome, and interesting a book can be made.*—N. Y. Herald, Feb. 14, 1892.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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UNDER WHICH KING?

THE most interesting movement in politics at this moment is the protest of New York Democrats against the early Convention of their party, which will have assembled and have done its work when this paper is issued. To prevent this assembly was the first object of the movement. The great meeting in New York resulted in the appointment of a committee of fifty for the purposes, first, to lay the protest against the early date of the Convention before the State Committee which called it; and second, if the committee declined to hear the request, to provide for a proper representation of the Democratic sentiment of New York at the National Convention. Probably the leaders of the revolt did not anticipate a postponement of the Convention, and their action opens the whole question, namely, which side represents the Democratic party, Mr. COUDERT, Mr. ANDERSON, Mr. FAIRCHILD, and their friends, or Senator HILL and Tammany Hall? Many journals commenting upon the schism in New York have said plainly that Senator HILL and his allies represent all that is worst in the party, and the revolt against the early Convention all that is best. Which, then, is really the party? The question is, indeed, a little absurd, because in any reasonable view of a party it is a body of citizens who agree, not of those who differ, each claiming to be the party. But nevertheless the question is interesting. Senator HILL'S sole remembered remark, "I am a Democrat," is countered by that of the revolting leaders, "No; we are Democrats." All the orators at the meeting, first of all, and in the most vehement manner, proclaimed their Democracy. But not one of them, so far as we could find in the report, said that if Senator HILL and Tammany Hall and all their methods and objects were Democratic, the orators were not. On the contrary, it was called entirely a Democratic difference. The revolt thought the regular authorities had made a mistake of a few weeks in calling a Convention, but if it were decided otherwise, so be it, the revolters were as good and regular Democrats as anybody, and they should yield to the party behest and nomination. It is merely a party contention, therefore, that is offered for consideration. To know whether the revolt or the State Committee under Senator HILL and Tammany Hall represents the party, it is necessary to see what the party as such has done or is doing.

At the last election in New York, when Mr. HILL'S Tammany power was as evidently supreme as it is now, the leaders of the revolt co-operated with it joyfully, and saluted, as a great benefit to good politics and reform, the triumph of the HILL power by nearly fifty thousand majority. That certainly was not a declaration that that power did not fairly represent the Democratic party. When Congress met, the immense Democratic majority of 150 in the House, the representative of Democratic sentiment throughout the Union, upon a distinct issue between the claims of the HILL-Tammany power and of the revolt to be the dominant Democracy, pronounced emphatically against the leaders of the present revolt. The only action of importance in the Democratic House besides this is the introduction of a bill to promote dishonest tampering with the currency, to which the revolt is opposed. In the State the first result of the great Democratic victory of the autumn was the HILL-Tammany theft of the Senate, and to that the revolt made no opposition, but, on the contrary, acquiesced in and, by some of its leaders, commended it. This is true also of the notorious alliance of Tammany Hall with the liquor interest, against which we know of no protest from the revolt. The Democratic party in the State, to which the leaders of the revolt profess unswerving allegiance, is thoroughly organized in the usual manner without successful opposition from the revolt, and the late primary meetings, open in the ordinary way to a contest by the friends of the revolt, have declared overwhelmingly for the power which the revolt declares misrepresents the Democratic party. There is as yet no evidence of the truth of this assertion. With the exception of a preference for a particular party candidate, the revolt does not apparently differ with the acknowledged leadership of its party in the State. As citizens, its leaders and followers are ashamed of HILL and Tammany; but as Democrats, they are "regular," and raise no voice against great public wrongs committed in the interest of their party. As citizens, they deprecate fooling with the currency; but as Democrats, if a free silver bill should be passed, although they would gladly see it vetoed, they will still "glory in being Democrats."

If the spirit of HILL and Tammany should dominate the National Convention and dictate the nomination, although as citizens they would lament the ascendency of bad men, as Democrats the larger part of them would sadly support the ticket. At present, therefore, all the significant signs show that the HILL-Tammany power, and not the revolt, really represents the Democratic party. The revolt is a personal movement, while its claim to be the real representative of Democracy discloses the important fact that in the view of intelligent Democrats it is still an open question whether the Democratic party is mastered by the worst tendencies in politics; whether it is represented by honest and reputable citizens or by a horde of plunderers and corruptionists, the foes of honest money and of honest administration. The practical character of parties is determined by those who lead them. They are forces guided by a few skilful hands. The New York revolt is an effort to reform a party from within. Did any of its leaders ever know such a reformation? Did the Republican kicking and scratching in this State reform the Republican party? Did even the Free-soil Democratic bolt of 1848 reform the Democratic party? It grew steadily more and more a slavery party, and VAN BUREN and his son recanted their temporary profession of '48, and voted as Democrats for the slave power to the end. By the time that election day arrives it may appear that, upon the whole, Democratic success is preferable. But that probability depends largely upon the course of events in Congress and in New York, where the party ascendency is unquestioned, and where, apparently, if Senator HILL had called his Convention in April instead of February, there would have been no movement or party protest against his worst acts. At present the argument for the Democratic party as an agency of reform is not that it is a reform party, but that some Democrats hope to make it such a party. So far as the independent vote is concerned, it seems to be pretty clear that the Democratic hold upon it is relaxing, and all the more that many independent voters, we think, were grievously misled in New York last autumn. The fact that neither party is sound upon all the three or four most pressing questions of the moment greatly increases the independent vote and makes its course this year extremely uncertain.

THIRD-PARTY TALK.

THE Reform Club in Boston is considering, or proposes to consider, the advisability of calling an independent or mugwump convention at some time during the spring. This suggestion alone, whether such a convention be called or not, is a very suggestive fact. It shows, what we have often pointed out, the extreme difficulty of reform within a party. The mugwump movement in 1884 was treated by Republicans very foolishly. Nothing could have proved more clearly the want of political perception among Republican leaders than the attempt to belittle it. A bolt of party spoilsmen and traders is not generally very important. But the bolt of 1884 was not of that kind. It was the secession of some of the oldest Republicans, whose motives were known universally not to be mercenary, who had the highest pride in the name and patriotic and humane tradition of the party, and who did not lightly part from associates of many years. Common-sense should have taught intelligent Republicans that such a movement could not be dismissed as unreasonable, but that it was the sign of disintegrating forces of which the party must take account, with the purpose of ascertaining whether their operation could be arrested.

Instead of this, the policy adopted by the Republicans was that of contempt and hatred. In 1885, when the mugwump support of the Republican candidates in New York was unavailing, the *Tribune* frankly stated in public, what was said privately by many Republicans, that Republicans would not support their own candidate because the mugwumps supported him, and in the event of success would have the glory of the victory in a State where Republicans had been beaten in the preceding year. This was the childishness of "practical politics," and this has continued to the present time. Republicans have offered to the mugwumps only a choice of evils, and despite greater Democratic folly of a similar kind, Mr. CLEVELAND would have been re-elected in 1888 except for his famous tariff-reform message. The Democratic folly of which we speak was the failure to take advantage of the mugwump good fortune which befell the party in 1884. If the Democratic leaders had been able to understand that a Republican bolt of such a character gave them the opportunity of extending the break among the most intelligent and honest Republicans by showing the Democratic party to be truly a party of reform, there would have been a general merging of the independent voters in that party, as there was in Massachusetts, where this course was taken.

This opportunity was lost, and not unnaturally; for notwithstanding Mr. CLEVELAND'S deference to the lower Democratic pressure in the latter part of his administration, he was not, like JACKSON, the real representative of his party, although there is a certain personal enthusiasm for him among intelligent Democrats. This is now evident more than ever, because just in the degree that the Democratic party has felt sure of its power, as since the elections of 1890, Mr. CLEVELAND'S ascendency has steadily declined, and his best friends now doubt his ability to secure the nomination of his party this year. In this situation, when neither party shows political sagacity or any spirit or purpose of reform, and when both are unable to take a positive and aggressive and consistent position upon the questions which engage the public mind, it is not surprising that good citizens who are not "on the make," but aim only at honest administration upon sound principles, should consider whether it might not be well for those who agree to organize.

FIRE-PROOF BUILDING.

THE flagman whose failure to warn the approaching train on the Hudson River Railroad on Christmas eve led to the frightful catastrophe has been indicted for manslaughter. Whether the carelessness attributed by the Fire Marshal to the night engineer at the Hotel Royal will be considered an offence for which he may be held for trial is yet to appear. The Marshal says that the engineer used a lighted candle to test the gas connections and the rubber tube connecting the elevator lamp with the surface pipe. The Marshal thinks that either a small leak of gas was ignited which was not observed by the engineer, or the flame, in contact with the dry fibre of the wood or fluff or dust, left a spark which was presently fanned into a flame by the draught in the shaft. There is no doubt, he says, that the fire was burning fiercely on the upper floors before it appeared below. This is an ingenious theory; but there is always a question how many fires in hotels and elsewhere, of which the origin is not known, may be attributed to careless smokers who throw matches and knock off ashes at random.

If we are to inspect the building of houses, and prescribe how they shall be built, why should not the law require that they be fire-proof? Now that houses of a dozen stories are erected, and domestic life is adjusting itself to flats, a system which was not before necessary has become expedient, and the benefit to the community of such a provision is self-evident. The law already establishes a frame-building line, that is, a line within which such houses must not be built. The law prescribes the building material. It may reasonably go further still. It is a law which should be constantly enlarged and amended in the light of experience. It is not surprising that the terrible tragedy at the Hotel Royal has stimulated the Legislature to action, and amendments to the present building law have been introduced in the Legislature, based on the experience of the Building Department during the year, and recommended by building and architectural experts, and by mechanics and real-estate associations, and by the Fire Department. The bill requires fire-proof staircases and elevator shafts in hotels, and first floors to be of stone, brick, and iron. Warned by the catastrophe of the falling building in Park Place, the weight that floors in every kind of house must be able to bear is specified.

All this is well, but not well enough. There has been sufficient experience to show that all floors should be as fire-proof as one floor. The object is to reduce to the minimum combustible material. The first peril in a burning house is the suffocating smoke, and that is obviated just in the degree that the supply is diminished. It is pleasant to see the complete iron frame of many new buildings towering high before the enclosing walls are begun. Indeed we are reminded by every fresh catastrophe from burning buildings that we have yet to learn vital and essential lessons in the art of building. The purpose of building laws is safety, and the law ought to require every condition in building which experience has demonstrated to be indispensable to safety.

INTERNATIONAL COURTESY.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S little speech at his last reading had naturally an Oriental warmth of tone in its expression of friendly regard for a country in which he had been kindly treated. But, like every Englishman of distinction who speaks at all, he repeated what it is still desirable to repeat, that serious trouble between England and the United States would be a misfortune for the world. A large part of the English press, as we have lately seen, takes a very different tone from Sir EDWIN. In many of the English newspaper comments upon the Chilian difficulty there was plainly a tone of studied insult to this country, which recalled the elaborate sneers of the London *Times* during our civil war. Such diatribes are the expression of the least intelligent, prejudiced, and brutish Englishmen. But there is no doubt that the scurrility of the English newspapers during the war, quite as much as the unfriendly disposition of the British ministry, produced the deep and lasting exasperation of American feeling to which appeal can be still successfully made in this country.

But the people and the press in both countries which feed the fire of this animosity are of the baser sort. It is a cheap bid for an Irish cheer to twist the tail of the English lion, and when domestic politics darken, it is an old trick to cry havoc against England. But, as GOLDWIN SMITH showed us during the war, and still reminds us from time to time, there are two Englands, and one of them was with us in the most threatening days of the great struggle, and is with us still. The London clubs and drawing-rooms and "society" were hostile in feeling, but the workmen—even the cotton-factory operatives—and the great republican sentiment were friendly. The vulgar appeal to the old prejudice—a prejudice which began with the Revolution, was confirmed by the war of 1812, and renewed by the civil war—is one which intelligent and patriotic Englishmen as well as Americans will carefully discountenance. Americans who feel that the late British newspaper outbreak about the Chilian affair was wholly uncalled-for must remember that English, like American, newspapers have an instinct for a sensation, and the same willingness to stir the passions of a mob. It will, moreover, occur to them that our tone in speaking of English institutions and society and manners and customs is not soothing to English pride.

In fact, as a game of gibe and contemptuous sarcasm, the honors are easy between the players. But the players are not the people on either side, and it is always worth while to remember that a country, and those who represent a country in the press, as well as in an administration, may be as courteous as gentlemen. A gentleman is not, because he is such, "put upon" and bullied, and because he may be accosted by a blackguard, he does not answer as one. To foster international ill feeling and invite a war is agreeable to that pseudo-patriotism which is akin to the uneasy feeling of a bully that somebody is trying to insult him. Diplomacy is, of all transactions, the most courteous. It has the air of Sir Lucius arranging for a meeting of "honor." But because it is courteous, it is not weak or cowardly. "Gentlemen, fire first," was the salutation of brave men. Sir EDWIN ARNOLD is no less an Englishman because he speaks us fair, and his hearers none the less Americans because they wish him a happy journey and a safe return.

PLAYING A GAME FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

A GREAT many American public men have longed for the Presidency and schemed for it. But even HENRY CLAY, who was consumed with the desire, did not make it too evident, and left the necessary arrangements to his friends. Senator HILL, however, pursues his object publicly and incessantly, wholly undisturbed by the fact that by his course he ludicrously degrades the great office that he seeks. He is a Senator of the United States from New York, but he retained the office of Governor for a month of the session of Congress. Then he went to Washington for a few days, and for the rest of the time he has been in New York, personally directing the election of the State Convention which will send delegates to make the nomination.

The Senatorship of New York, as an office of public duty and public trust, he treats with entire contempt, and regards it merely as a place giving him opportunity for more skilful manipulation of a State Convention. This is all exceedingly interesting as an illustration of the development of political methods under our party system. The theory and justification of our government are that the people select for high office those whom they prefer. But party spirit produces an organization or a machine which in the hands of a few men deprives the people of their initiative and compels them to vote as the few direct. The force of the machine is party spirit, and its action is determined mainly by patronage or personal advantage. An adroit leader, by securing command of the machine, may thus rule a party which does not really wish him.

This was shown by Mr. CONKLING'S failure to secure his re-election in 1881. He had incautiously thrown away his official headship and control of patronage, counting upon the loyalty of the party to him personally. But in the conflict of jealousies and the relief from knowing that he had lost his real power, he suffered what was to him a disastrous blow. Senator HILL, without regard to his personal popularity or public service or moral fitness for the Presidency, proposes to secure it, or, at least, the nomination, by complete command of his party machine. He plays coolly for a checkmate of the opposition, and he plays openly. Should he succeed, his whole career would furnish the most persuasive argument for reform in political methods, and the most signal justification of WASHINGTON'S warning against party spirit yet offered in our history.

ROSSINI'S CENTENARY.

LAST year the centenary of MOZART'S death was commemorated, and this year, on February 29th, that of ROSSINI'S birth will be generally celebrated in Italy and elsewhere. The Italian government will celebrate the occasion by the publication of his correspondence. At Pesaro, near Bologna, his birthplace, the festivities will last a week, and in Venice, where his first and now forgotten opera was produced, and in other Italian cities his works will be performed.

It is perhaps possible, even in this day of the WAGNER music and of another taste, to admit that it was a charming genius, and that ROSSINI'S music may be heard without protest. Indeed, to call him an Italian MOZART may be permissible for two reasons—the affluence of his melody and its rippling character. The hearer who has felt a certain kinship in ROSSINI'S music with that of the German master of exquisite melody is naturally pleased to discover that when the young Italian of sixteen or seventeen was obliged, by the failure of his voice, to study counterpoint, with a view to composition, he devoted himself especially to MOZART, as BEETHOVEN did. It is a lighter and more superficial strain, but it is, as we said, charming. After the first fruitage of his talent, ending in 1823 with *Semiramide*, ROSSINI was silent until 1829, when *William Tell* was played, and for nearly forty years afterward he wrote no other opera.

It is impossible to hear ROSSINI'S music without associating it with the epoch after the fall of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, when Europe, after the long and exciting tension of his career, sought pure enjoyment. Two years after Waterloo came the *Barbiere*, tinkling and tripping through all the opera-houses of Europe, its melodies murmuring everywhere with a lightsome sense of relief which we can hardly understand, for it was the simple happy voice of release from a heavy burden. This opera and a few others of ROSSINI held the stage until the avatar of WAGNER. Whether their melodious grace and gayety will survive the music of the future into which we have lived, or whether, like HANDEL'S operas, they will fall a prey to dumb forgetfulness, the story of the century will always mention them as a delight which was made the greater by the gravity of the time in which they appeared.

LINCOLN AND PHILLIPS.

IT is unfortunate that in an eloquent and glowing speech upon LINCOLN'S birthday an orator should have thought it necessary to sneer at WENDELL PHILLIPS in order to point his praise of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Alluding to Mr. PHILLIPS'S scathing arraignment of President LINCOLN'S administration when it seemed to drift, the speaker said, "If I may paraphrase a famous saying, the world will little note nor long remember what WENDELL PHILLIPS said here; it can never forget what ABRAHAM LINCOLN did here."

The speaker is aware, of course, that there was at times a deep and general discontent with what was felt to be the delays of the LINCOLN administration. Even as late as August, 1864, after his second nomination, Mr. GREELEY, WINTER DAVIS, and many other eminent and patriotic Republicans demanded his withdrawal as an unsatisfactory candidate. Mr. SUMNER besought Mr. LINCOLN to move more rapidly, and the wise President replied, "Mr. SUMNER, I am only six weeks behind you." The feeling that he was too slow was not peculiar to Mr. PHILLIPS. He was mistaken in a goodly company, as the speaker himself showed.

WENDELL PHILLIPS said aloud, and in startling tones to arrest attention, what others were saying privately. But he and they and LINCOLN had the same great end at heart. PHILLIPS'S duty, like that of SAMUEL ADAMS, was to arouse the public mind, and to express with force public discontent. He did it with the art of an orator; he did it with what now seems injustice and with too sweeping a generalization. But he stimulated the public feeling which was indispensable to strengthen LINCOLN to go forward. Each in his own way honestly served the good cause. Both were great patriots. Does the one who stands in our reverence and affection alone of all Americans with WASHINGTON need for his glory a sneer at the other who made his voice the cry of an outraged race which stirred the heart and conscience of his country to the duty which, for the country, the other fulfilled?

A PLEASANT ANNUAL HINT.

THE kindly charities that annually tap us on the shoulder for a little assistance we have always with us. Among them all, as we have often remarked, none is more unobtrusive and beneficent than the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society, which every year tells us so attractive a story of its good work that we should all be justified in doubling our gifts to it with each revolving year. That is, in fact, the purpose of this little reminder. Instead of churlishly saying that the demand is too regular, we ought to remember that our giving is by no means regular, and add to our increased donation this year an apology that it was not larger last year.

A society which can say truthfully that it collected during the year 1891 151,023 newspapers, and distributed 5730 books and 19,065 magazines and 49,869 illustrated and weekly papers, that it has visited 72 institutions and conducted a large correspondence, has only to add that reading matter should be sent to the office, 21 University Place, and donations of money to Mrs. FORDHAM MORRIS, 45 East Thirtieth Street, to find itself overwhelmed by gifts of reading matter and of money from the kind reader of these lines.

Upon learning this wholly simple way of doing good and cheering solitude and suffering and weariness, we are not to think of the others who will embrace it, but we are to embrace it ourselves. Thou art the man who is to do this good service, and the ladies who have charge of it will take care that our gifts are not lost, but that they shall spring up a hundredfold in the happiness of others. The number is 45 East Thirtieth Street, and the superscription, For the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society.

NOW AND THEN.

A CENTURY ago the city of New York sent to the Legislature its best citizens, men of the highest character and greatest ability, eminent as real leaders of the people and of public sentiment. It seems not to have been a bad custom. In a representative government the selection of men most conspicuous for public qualities and fitness for the public service is apparently as natural as it is desirable. We have, however, changed the practice. With a very few exceptions, it would be impossible probably for most of the intelligent citizens of New York to mention the names of its representatives in the Legislature, and if they were told the names they would be wholly unknown.

Occasionally, however, the names and the merits of our law-givers are brought to public attention, and the soul of the citizen of New York must be indeed torpid which is not aroused to admiration and pride by such a revelation of the services and qualifications of members of the Assembly as is contained in the following record. After a lively interchange of remarks borrowed from the "dives,"

"Mr. Dry Dollar SULLIVAN had become somewhat penitent about the things he had said. He exclaimed, 'I did not mean to insult the gentleman from Fordham, but he should know who are in favor of this bill.'

"'Be more careful in the future,' said Sir Launcelot of Fordham.

"'I shall be more careful,' said Mr. SULLIVAN. 'I am afraid of the consequences if I am not. He can see that I am scared to death now.'

"This made everybody laugh. It is well known in the Assembly that Mr. SULLIVAN holds the fighting record there, as he one day in six hours thrashed seven men, three of them being the Baxter Street BROWNS, whom he vanquished all together within fifty minutes."

PERSONAL.

IT will be forty years this March since the first edition of Mrs. STOWE'S *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was given to the public. More truly than of BYRON, it may be said of Mrs. STOWE that she awoke to find herself famous, and though her book has passed its period of greatest popularity, it still finds a ready sale, and brings its aged author a very comfortable income. Probably no other book except the Bible, certainly no other work of an American writer, has been so frequently translated into foreign languages.

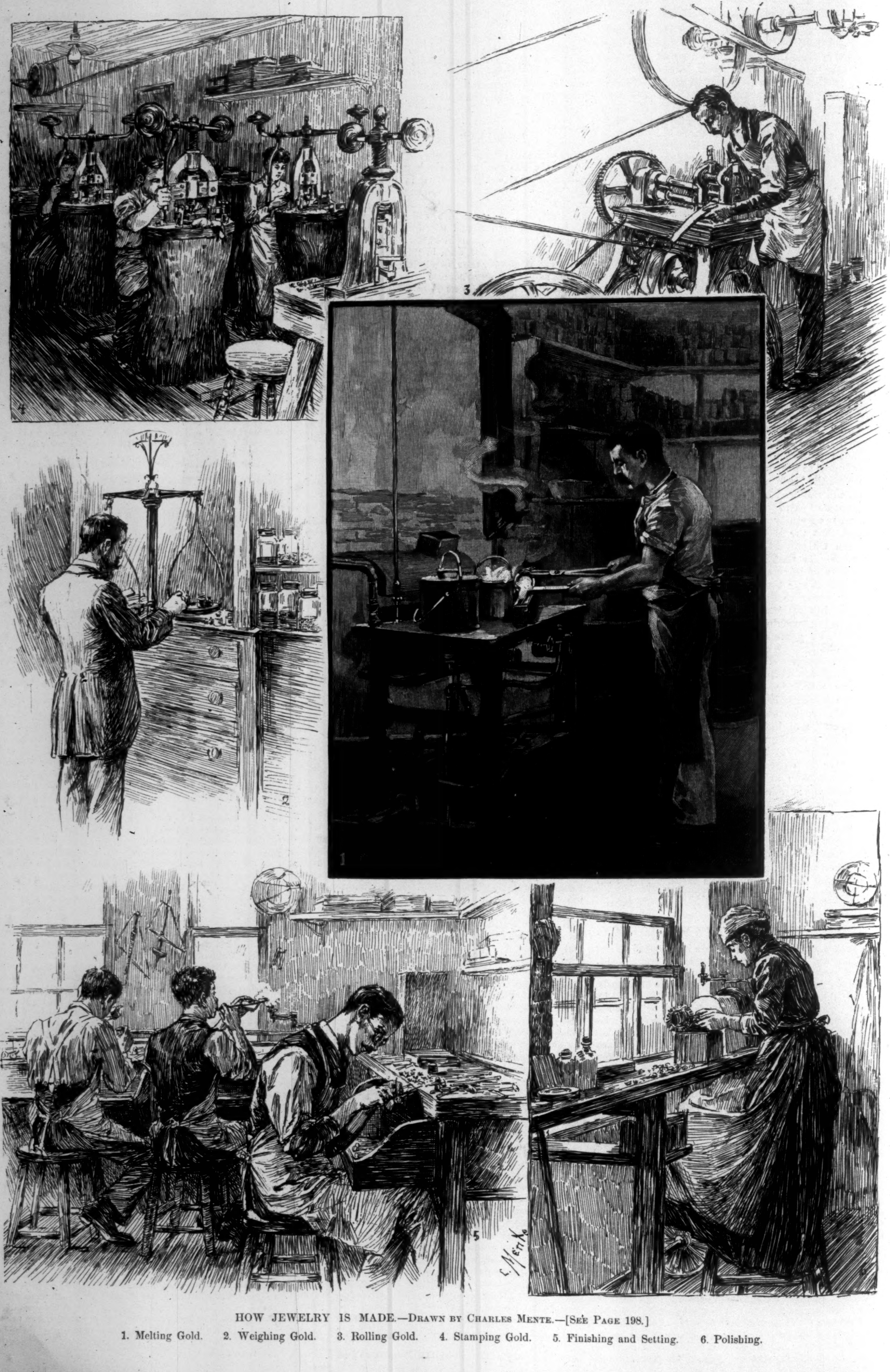
—The text-book from which the Emperor of China is learning his first lessons in English is a "first reader" published by an American house and copiously illustrated with colored pictures. It was sent over with some other books from this country to the little daughter of MARCUS L. TAFT, a missionary in China, and was given by her before it came into the hands of the Emperor's instructor.

—Mr. J. ABNER HARPER'S collection of modern paintings, which has been on exhibition at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, and was sold at Chickering Hall this week, was in many respects a noteworthy one. It included 156 oils and water-colors, and was the result of much careful and judicious selection, made during the past twelve years from the productions of eminent artists of Europe and our own country. Among the foreign paintings were numerous examples of the works of the modern masters of art in Paris, Brussels, Rome, and Naples, including some of the famous Barbizon school. American painters were also well represented, and did not suffer in the least by comparison with their European rivals. This is the second collection which Mr. HARPER has disposed of in this way, the first, including 144 works, having been sold twelve years ago.

—The Duke of Beaufort, the greatest turfman of the day in England, is one of the handsomest men in the peerage. He is a few years under seventy, with hair of silvery whiteness, but with all the activity and vigor of youth. He was once a member of the House of Commons before he was promoted, by his father's death, to the House of Lords, and was twice a member of Earl of Derby's ministry, but he has always preferred to be known as a master of the hounds rather than as a member of Parliament. Not the least source of pride to him is the fact that a popular article of masculine attire perpetuates his family name.

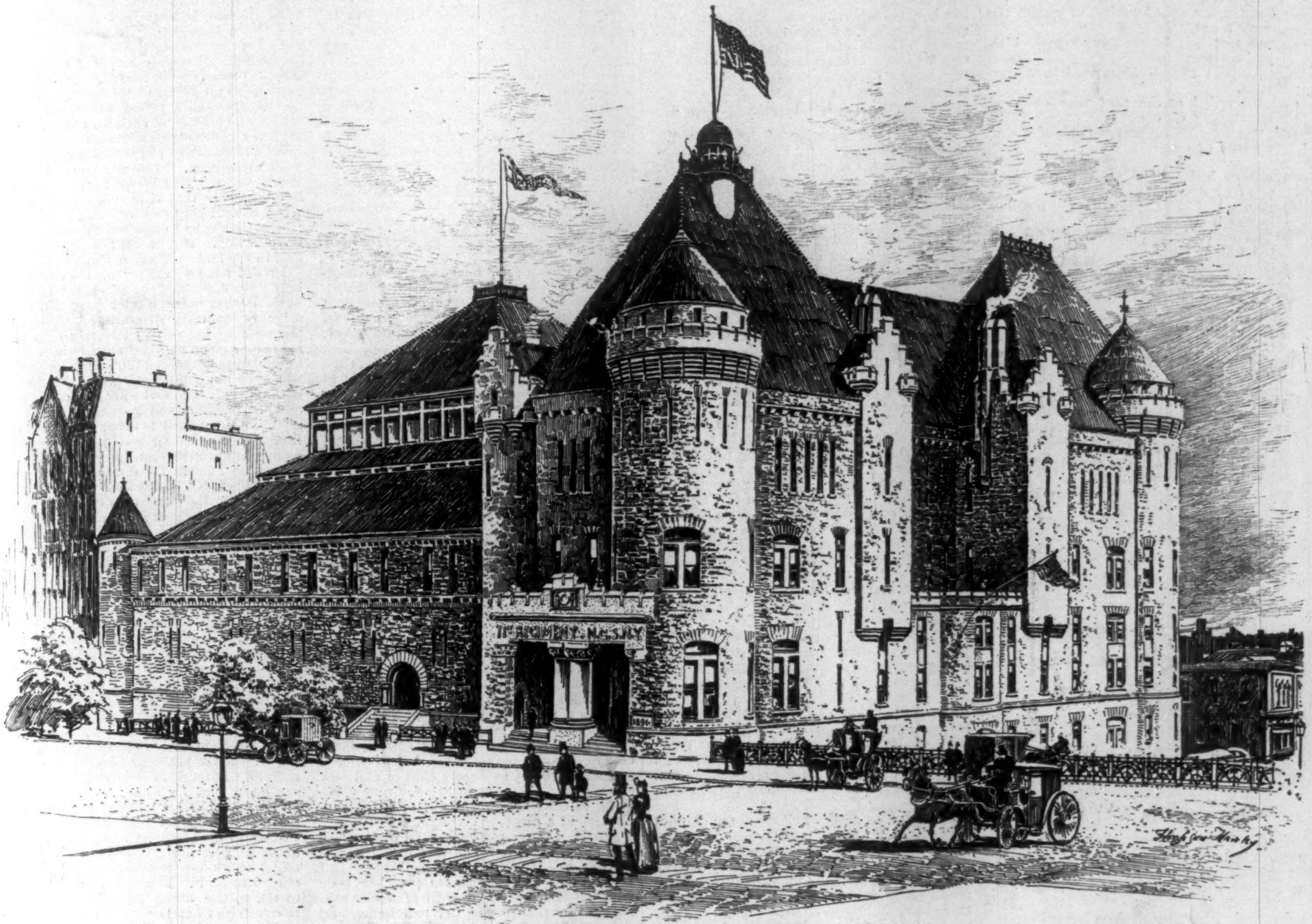
—BOURKE COCKRAN is one of the most notable, physically as well as intellectually, of the prominent Tammany leaders. Particularly is he remarkable for the size of his head, which, though set on a pair of broad shoulders, is so large as to attract immediate attention. Somebody once called him a "leonine" man, and the epithet is an apt one, though Mr. COCKRAN knows more about Tammany tigers than he does about lions. His rise from a humble position in a dry-goods store to a place at the bar which enables him to exact fees that are in themselves small fortunes is as interesting as is his political power as an illustrative example of what a young man of push can do with opportunity, which, as Mr. INGALLS says in his lately current poem, is "master of human destinies."

—Not since the time of CAPOUL has there been an operatic tenor so widely popular as an artist and as a man as JEAN DE RESZKÉ. But, unlike CAPOUL, his popularity is as great among men as among women. DE RESZKÉ is a splendidly proportioned man, is tall, straight, and handsome, and the possessor of a cultivated mind. He takes an eager interest in athletic sports, enjoys life with a careless disregard of the laws laid down by most singers for the preservation of their precious voices, and seems to sing all the better for it. He is a man of some wealth, having an ancestral estate in Poland.



HOW JEWELRY IS MADE.—Drawn by Charles Mente.—[See Page 198.]

1. Melting Gold. 2. Weighing Gold. 3. Rolling Gold. 4. Stamping Gold. 5. Finishing and Setting. 6. Polishing.



THE ARMORY FOR THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT N. G. S. N. Y.—J. R. Thomas, Architect.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 199.]

JOHN A. McCALL, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANY.
[See Page 210.]

A. A. McLEOD, PRESIDENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD.
[See Page 210.]

NAPOLINI'S ERROR.

See front-page illustration.

Pietro Napolini di Vendetta Pasquarelle
Deserted balmy Italy, the land that loved him well,
And sailed for soft America, of wealth the very fount,
To earn sufficient dollars there to make himself a count.
Alas for poor Pietro! he arrived in winter-time,
And marvelled at the poet who observed in tripping rhyme
How this New World was genial, and a sunny sort of clime.

No chance had he for music that's developed by a crank.
No chance had he at sculpture, nor a penny in the bank.
The pea-nut trade was languid, and for him too full of risk.
He thought the work on railways for his blood was rather brisk.
The sole profession left him to assuage his stomach's woe,
It struck him in meandering the city to and fro,
Was surely that of shovelling away the rich man's snow.

And then P. Napolini di Vendetta Pasquarelle
Sought out a city thoroughfare, the swellest of the swell:
He stole a shovel, and he found a broom he thought would do;
Then rang the massive front-door bell of Stuyvesant Depew.
"I wanta shov' da snow," he said, when there at last appeared
Fitzjohn Augustus Higgins, who in Birmingham was reared,
A man by all in low estate much hated and much feared.

"Go wi," said Fitz, with gesture bold. "Yer cahn't do nothink 'ere,
Yer bloomin' hugly furriner!" he added, with a sneer.
"Hi thinks as 'ow you dagoes is the cuss o' this 'ere land,
With wuthy citizens like me 'most starved on every 'and.
Hi vows hif I'd me wi at all hi'd order hout a troop,
Hand send the bloomin' lot o' yer 'ead over 'eels in soup.
Git hout, yer nahsty grabber yer; hewacuate the stoop."

Then when the snow had melted off, Fitzjohn Augustus went
And humbly asked his master for two dollars that he'd spent
In paying Napolini di Vendetta Pasquarelle;
While Nap went back to Italy, the land that loved him well,
Convinced that when he sailed that time his country to forsake,
He must have got aboard the ship when he was half awake,
And got to London, not New York, by some most odd mistake.

John Kendrick Bangs.

JEWELRY.

Jewelry is as ancient as the existence of the precious metals and the precious stones. In no age of barbarism or of Puritanical simplicity has the jewel been entirely discarded. The ages of barbarism were those of unexampled splendor and decoration. Conquering hosts rifled the treasure-chests of their victims, and carried home in triumph their jewels and jewelry. The ancient Greeks, Persians, Egyptians, and Romans were adepts in decorating their persons, and their men were no less demonstrative than their women. Masses of gold chains sparkling with jewels, ear-rings, and finger-rings adorned the person of the Roman dandy, while the warrior studded his breastplate, helmet, sword, and shield with emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, and diamonds. The jewels of the crown are great show pieces in every kingdom in the world, whilst family diamonds or pearls, as the case may be, are just as jealously guarded and handed down from generation to generation, priceless heirlooms, souvenirs of the past. In the jeweller's art of to-day two widely different nations probably excel all others in the originality of their designs—France and Russia. The former not only originates designs of her own, but calls upon her varied art imagination to adapt all the fancies and crudities of the ancients, until her jewelry sets the patterns from which all others save Russia copy. The kingdom which Peter founded presents greater contrasts of art culture and barbarism than any other nation within the pale of civilization. While the world rings with the heart-rending cries of a people persecuted for the love of their God, and millions of Russia's peasantry cry aloud for bread and rot by the way-side, her musicians, poets, authors, and painters invade the wonderland of culture, carrying all before them. Quite recently the sale and disposal of the Verestchagen collection pointed clearly to the estimation and value of a great mind; last year Tschaikowsky revealed to us how rich in melody Russia's folk-music is; and yet another—Russian only, it is true, by domination—Paderewski, is now delighting the public by the fire and depth of his musical art. The Centennial Exhibition made the American people first aware of the value of Russian art in the treatment of the precious metals. It savors almost entirely of the Byzantine period of the art world; its workmanship is excessively fine and florid, delighting in over-elaboration and detail; especially strong, too, in the decoration of church vestments, missals, and regalia, which, as the Greek Church is so closely allied to the Catholic in the elaborateness of its pomps and ceremonies, provide the jeweller with many opportunities for the display of his art-workings.

For the ornamentation of the person the Russian does not, except among the peasant class, follow his native style in his jewelry, but rather affects the Parisian elegance. In Italy they are celebrated for their delicate filigree-work, but in other parts of continental Europe jewelry is tawdry and badly made. Switzerland excels in watches. England is very strong in silver jewelry, manufacturing some gold, principally chains, bracelets, and brooches, all of which are heavy, clumsy, and not at all refined art. London is the headquarters of the trade, where the horrors of the "sweating system" among her wretched jewelry-workers were the subject of legislative inquiry.

In the United States, success in this particular branch of art-work—jewelry-making—must be attributed to the shrewdness, enterprise, and inventive genius of the Yankee revolutionizing all the Old World methods of the jeweller's art. In Europe to this day there are very few jewelry factories; nearly all the work is done in small shops by "chamber masters," as they are called in England, who, like our contractors, employ a certain number of work-people, who, in turn, make the jewelry for the large manufacturer. American watch-making in factories revolutionized and to a certain extent destroyed the watch-making industry in Switzerland, and you can buy a Waterbury in London or Sydney as cheaply as you can in New York. In one essential particular the American jeweller has followed closely in the footsteps of his foreign competitor, and that is, each manufacturing jeweller is a specialist in his line. Some combine one or two articles of their trade, as rings and thimbles, while some few are silversmiths as well. Others confine their efforts to watch chains. Shirt studs come under the head of fancy jewelry, as do also breastpins, lockets, bracelets, and a thousand oddities and conceits that fashion ordains.

Watch cases and pencil cases are distinct branches, and under the latter will come also gold and silver penholders; sometimes, by the same house, gold pens. The lapidary and the diamond-setter and the manufacturer of diamond settings bother themselves about nothing else, finding more than enough in their respective branches to keep their minds and their work-people employed. Wedding rings are often a specialty on the part of some manufacturer, and it is curious to note, pending the discussion and settlement of the question, "Is marriage a failure?" that so important an industry shows no signs of "dry-rot," nor a tendency to pass into "innocuous desuetude."

There are, of course, manufacturers pure and simple, jobbers and retailers, and some of the latter are wholesalers also upon a very large scale. The process employed in the various establishments does not vary very much one from the other.

The raw metal is placed in graphite crucibles shaped something like a flower-pot, and these again into copper furnaces heated by gas; when in the liquid state it is poured into the "ingot," and then taken to the rolling-mill, and from there to the cutting-machine, where it is cut into strips of any desired width. At this stage of the process the precious metal is blackened by the heat, and looks like ordinary sheet-iron. After it is cut into strips, it is given to die-cutters, who fashion out of these thin sheets of gold the ring, brooch, or button; these dies are securely fastened in the jaws of a "trip-hammer," which descends with a lightning stroke, and cuts out in a second the pattern. After the article is put together, this blackened surface must be removed. The first process is a bath in a pickle of sulphuric acid; this gives a white tint somewhat lighter than silver.

From this white color it goes into the hands of work-people who give it the first polish. This, however, leaves the gold a very dull color. It is here placed in a boiling-hot solution of gold, and the gilding, as it is called, is attracted to the solid metal by means of an electric current. After this it passes into the hands of the polishers, who generally use a wheel, revolved by power, composed of lead, tin, and zinc, and charged with emery. Castings are made in moulds of "cuttle-fish," as this peculiar substance, which most of us associate with our pet canary, is practically impervious to heat. The one great thing in the jeweller's trade which man's ingenuity has not as yet invented is a stone-setting machine; the experience of centuries has not yielded that. "Waste not, want not," is the motto employed in all jewelry factories. The men are required to wash their hands in one tank; their clothes are carefully brushed every night, and shoes well scraped; besides, once a week their aprons are thoroughly boiled, in order to save every grain of metal possible. The floor sweepings and worn-out crucibles, etc., are melted and refined in other crucibles, using saltpetre, borax, etc., the gold or silver remaining in a lump at the bottom of the crucible.

The centres of the manufacture of jewelry in this country are New York city, Philadelphia, Newark, Providence, and Attleborough, Massachusetts.

The United States is the largest jewelry market in the world; our people wear more jewelry, as they eat more candy, than any other people. For designs our manufacturers rely almost altogether upon Paris for gold jewelry, and to some extent upon England for fancies in silver. In watches and watch cases as well as watch chains we lead the world; and although our designs are often foreign adaptations, our workmanship is infinitely superior and more trustworthy.

Harry P. Mawson.

HER FIRST BALL.

BY THOMAS WINTHROP HALL.

There was a great deal of unusual excitement in the pretty little valley of the Popo-Agie. There was always plenty of excitement there. Miners, cowboys, farmers, Indians, and soldiers—put them together anywhere, and there will be plenty of excitement. But this was a peaceable excitement. It was the first social event known in the history of Lander. It was a ball. Tom Osborne had cleared the floor of his storehouse for the affair. The women had been cooking good things to eat for the three preceding days. The men had decorated the hall with pine boughs fresh from the snow-covered Wind River mountains. Peg-Leg, Mexican Joe, and Dutch Pete had promised to be on hand with their fiddles, and they were never known to fail to be present at anything when they promised to be, although Peg-Leg would have to make a three-day journey in one with his mule team to keep his promise, and Dutch Pete would have to leave for a whole night the little herd of cattle that he hoped, in a blind trusting sort of a way, would some day make him rich. Oceans of snowy chippings of spermaceti candle had been strewn over the floor of the storehouse, under the experienced direction of the "school-marm," who was no "school-marm" at all, because she was a young man from the East. And there had been a constant call at the single store in Lander for "b'iled shirts," linen collars, fancy handkerchiefs, bright-colored stuffs for dresses, new store clothes, and new boots and shoes that was at once very gratifying to the proprietor of the store, and indicative of a growing civilization.

But it was mad excitement to her. She could hardly wait for it to occur. It was her first ball. "Buckskin Nell," they called her, because of the buckskin pony she rode with all the dash and skill of a cowboy. Helen Whittimore was her real name, and she was the only daughter—in fact, the sum total of the family—of old John Whittimore, who had gone West in the sixties to make his fortune, and had never made it. He had been a gentleman once. What her mother was, Nell did not know, for she had died when Nellie was a baby. At any rate, between them they had bequeathed a brave little heart and a beautiful disposition to the child, who was thereafter to be brought up almost without the society of women. She was a lady by instinct, notwithstanding the remarkable way she dashed around on her buckskin pony and the rather bad grammar she used. She was sixteen, pretty, and fresh as a wild rose, with her clear complexion and laughing eyes. She had read a good deal, and formed some ideas of the great world (very queer ideas some of them), and she had her ambitions. The men of the Popo-Agie Valley saw her bud from a romping little girl into the very prettiest girl in Sweetwater County with a great deal of interest and more or less astonishment. She had already caused a good many of them to sigh and look melancholy, but not one had ever dared as yet to propose for her hand, or even show her any marked attention. Even the imported school-teacher knew that he was not good enough for her, and kept out of the way, which was a wise thing for him to do, for he was not particularly strong, and it was more than probable that the man who married "Buckskin Nell" would have to fight for her more than once. Jealousy, too, makes a man's hand awfully steady when he aims a pistol, and the school-teacher was not a good shot at all.

It was merely a matter of quiet amusement to Lieutenant Hardy. He would stroll over from his camp, leaving his soldiers in the charge of his first sergeant, every day, and take a look at the preparations. Occasionally, in a lazy way, he would offer a suggestion or two. He had been a hop manager at West Point in cadet days (a tremendous honor), and after his graduation had led many a german and figured in many a flirtation. It was hardly to be expected that he would condescend to dance at this backwoods affair, but his suggestions were considered invaluable. Even the school-teacher listened deferentially when he explained a few pretty figures for the opening and closing of the ball. He was considerably more interested in it, however, because it was to be her first ball. He had acquired quite a liking for her. He had discovered the latent ladyhood in her, and for the few weeks he had been in camp near her father's ranch he had made quite a study of her. A fellow has to do something to keep his mind busy when he is away from his books and post duties, and then she was awfully pretty. He had advised her what to wear, and had given her a few lessons in the waltz. By his advice she was to wear a simple dress of white muslin with a blue sash. The other women would look horrible with their gaudy colors and ill-cut dresses, he knew, and he expected her to make a sensation. He quietly gave the young school-teacher the hint to escort her, for he himself merely intended to look on. It would hardly be in keeping with his social position as an officer of the army, in fact, as the most dashing young lieutenant in his regiment, to dance at such an affair as that. He was a trifle surprised when she asked him if she should accept the school-teacher's proffered attentions. From her manner he saw that it was a rather broad hint to him, and he was aware that it hurt her a good deal when he told her to go with that young man. Evidently she had expected his courtesy for the occasion. But he did not pay any attention to the fact. It was nothing to him.

He did not go near her on the day of the hop. He knew she would expect him, and he had what many a finer lady had called a "most contrary disposition." Along in the evening he walked leisurely over from his camp. The ball had already begun, and he smiled as he entered the room. The crowd was even more interesting than he thought it would be. The awkwardness of the men, and the feeble attempts at style of the women, the three fiddlers sawing away for dear life, even the uproariousness of the crowd were more absurd than he had hoped. He leaned up against the doorway, well aware that in his faded blouse and cavalry boots he looked more the gentleman than any man in that room would ever look or ever had looked in his life. He did not see her at first, for she was standing near the door at which he entered, and but ten feet from his side. As he looked calmly around, he caught sight of her, and knew from her manner and her blush that she had been looking at him, and had turned away her eyes in a little fit of anger. He repressed an exclamation. If he had been in a civilized hop-room he would have said, quite aloud: "By Jove! What a beauty!" He had not expected her to do half as well with her white muslin and blue ribbon. He did not know what exquisite beauty she in reality possessed. The old excitement of the dance, spurred on by the presence of youth and beauty, came back to him. Should he dance with her? He confessed that he would like to, after all. He would make her still more of a sensation if he were to dance with her, and no other woman in the room. But he would have to do it in a rather patronizing way, or she might think too seriously of it. He concluded to do it. It would be a clever thing to tell to the young ladies at more pretentious affairs when he should go East on leave of absence. He walked gracefully over to her, and bade her a good-evening in his most gallant way. She blushed a good deal more, but could not even reply. The school-teacher had the modesty and discretion to retire from her side, just as he had expected he would. He knew that all in the room were looking at him. He had to admit it was a bit exhilarating. He did not forget his patronizing way, however.

"How pretty you are to-night!" he said.

"Am I?" she answered, blushing again.

"Wonderfully!" he answered, hardly knowing whether his own admiration was mock, as he wanted it to be, or honest.

"Do I look like girls in the East when they go to dances?" she asked him.

"Just exactly, although much prettier," he replied. He noticed that he was beginning to be over-gallant in the good old army way. He concluded that he would dance with her. "What," said he, "in all this world would you rather have me do this evening than anything else?" he asked her.

"Will you do it?" she asked in turn, but with a strange earnestness.

"I solemnly promise," he answered, laughingly.

"Then take me and dance with me and talk to me just as if I was a live lady in the East, and as if this was a great ball, with everything just as nice as it could be, and as if I was a—was a girl that you l-l-liked," she said.

He did it. It seemed like a challenge, and he was a gallant. It was a great temptation, he felt the intoxication of her beauty, and he was human. He danced with her; he paid her compliments by the score until she was ecstatic; he talked to her just as he would if she had been a countess, and she was delighted. He monopolized her until the little school-teacher went off home pale with rage and mortification, and the other men began to wonder if the lieutenant had fallen in love with old Whittimore's daughter, and the women became as envious as women can become, which is a great deal. He meant not a word of it, but he was soon talking of his love for her. Pretended sincerity at love-making was a trick he had learned to perfection at West Point. He took her out into the moonlight, and talked about being as true as the stars are to the sun. He told her that even the trees and the mountains and the flowers were in love with her, and jealous of him. He told her that the bubbling Popo-Agie was singing her a serenade. He enjoyed it a great deal. It was more than enjoyment to her.

He walked home with her, too, when the affair was over. The road seemed never be-

fore so short to her, and never before so long to him, for he was beginning to tire of the flirtation. Besides that, it reminded him of the delightful times the fellows in the artillery and engineers, stationed in the East and near the great cities, were having all the time, while he and all the rest of the cavalry fellows were doing all the real work of the army, and it is not well for a cavalryman to brood on these subjects. So they were very silent until they reached the shadow of the Whittimore house. Then he said, "Good-night," and started to leave. To his surprise, as he did so, he found her arms outstretched to him and her face held up to his own. As I have said before, he was human. Moreover, he was a cavalry lieutenant. He kissed her.

"Good-night," he said again, this time a little more tenderly.

"When will you come to-morrow?" she asked him.

He was a little startled. The tone of her voice told him that, as he had feared, the affair had gone a little too far. However, it was not possible, he thought, that she could have taken him seriously. It was embarrassing. The old contrariness came over him again.

"I think I'll take a ride down the river to-morrow?" he answered, coldly.

"And not come to see me at all?" she continued.

"Not to-morrow; perhaps some other day," he answered, lightly.

"But you said that you could not live an hour without me," she said, tremulously.

"Oh, well, Nellie," he replied, "that was only in fun. Of course you must not believe everything that I have told you. I was only in fun. Good-night." He turned on his heel, and walked away in the direction of his camp.

Old Whittimore did not care for society. He remained in his house this night, and went to sleep very early. He knew that Nellie would turn up all right, for she was quite able to take care of herself. He was awakened several times during the night by the shooting of the cowboys, who celebrated the last dance of the first ball in the Popo-Agie Valley by unnecessarily expending ammunition. It seemed to him that there was one shot rather close to his house, though, and if there had been another, he would have dressed and gone out and given the boys a piece of his mind. But it was not repeated.

He arose rather early the next morning, and went out to look after the horses. He turned the corner of the log house, and uttered an exclamation of horror. Before him on the ground lay his daughter—dead. She was still clad in the white muslin dress. Her revolver was clasped in her white hand, and on the bosom of her dress, just over the heart, there was a bright red circle. It was wet. It was blood. Lieutenant Hardy never repeated the story of the flirtation for the edification of young ladies in the East, or any one else.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATION.

When the story of the last fifty years of this country's marvellous growth has been fully and faithfully told, the history of our railroads will have been recited.

If one wants an object-lesson in the building up of a nation, let him take up his position at the rear of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's station (as shown in the illustration), or stand on one of the many foot bridges that span the net-work of tracks back of the Grand Central Station in New York city, or lose himself in the terminal labyrinth at Jersey City.

The extensive improvements now being rapidly pushed in the remodelling and enlarging of the Pennsylvania Railway Company's great terminal station at Broad Street, Philadelphia, bring to mind the fabulous amount of business which has been handled at this point during past years. The main station building, which faces Philadelphia's white elephant, that magnificent pile of white marble forming the City Hall, is of Gothic architecture, and built of terra-cotta brick; it is six stories, 122 feet in length and 193 feet in width. In the rear of this main building is the large train-shed, where 500 trains daily deposit and carry away their loads of human freight. The dimensions of the shed are 450 feet in length, 275 in width, and about 50 feet in height, its extensive arched roof being formed by four immense trusses.

Under this great terminal shed it is estimated that since 1884 nearly 102,000,000 people have come and gone. When a moment's consideration is given to the detail and perfection of a system necessary to the performance of such service with rapidity, accuracy, and safety, it is well warranted to stagger the layman.

A sight of the most fascinating intere… is that presented by standing at night near the signal-tower located at the neck of the entrance, and looking into the veritable hive of travel pulsating with well-regulated order, and honeycombed by great spreading arches and long lumbering trains, while the whole is halved and quartered and divided again by a thousand white lights, unnaturally brilliant against the greens and reds flashing their signals of safety or caution. Every train entering or departing this terminal point is guided by the physical and mental power of the men in that tiny tower-room.

Fifty-six levers are clashing and banging day and night as fast as three men can operate them. These men receive their orders from a directing despatcher, who delivers them in a distinct voice above the din and confusion caused by the ringing electric bells that announce incoming trains, the incessant click of the telegraph instrument, the repeated order from the men as a check, the bell of the annunciator, or the thundering past of some West-bound flyer or inbound limited express. As high as 2000 movements of these levers, which control all the switches connecting the twelve tracks, have been made in a day. How to handle such a tremendous passenger traffic at the Broad Street station, with its present facilities, has been a problem studied deeply by professional railroad men. It has been solved with true Gordian effectiveness; active work has begun for the building of what is to be the greatest railroad terminal station and shed in the world. In size, equipment, and decoration it is promised to be the marvel in this nineteenth century of marvels.

THE TRAIL ON THE MESA.

OVER the mesa, bare and brown,
Under the blazing southern sun,
A worn old trail leads forth from the town
To the dwelling of those whose toil is done.

A little cluster of graves, forlorn,
Forgotten, lonely, unkempt, and still;
While round the cactus and through the thorn
The narrow trail creeps over the hill.

Somebody's lover, somebody's friend,
Under each wooden head-board lies;
Somebody's drama played to the end,
To praising mortals or weeping skies.

Sin and sorrow and love, now past,
Strength to conquer, and fault to fail;
These they have known; and then, at last,
The slow sad journey over the trail.

The sun is riding home to his rest,
The gates of the great corral swing wide;
The trail leads on to the heart of the west,
Over the crest of the great divide.

Florence E. Pratt.

THE SEVENTY-FIRST'S ARMORY.

In New York city a very wise policy was adopted some years ago of building armories for the various militia regiments, and now there are in this city the finest houses and drill-rooms for soldiers to be found anywhere in the world. The most recent of these to be projected is that for the Seventy-first Regiment; and this armory will serve also as a home for the Second Battery, Captain David Wilson commanding, and for the headquarters of the First Brigade, of which General Louis Fitzgerald is now the chief officer. The building, which is to be located on Park Avenue, with a front extending from Thirty-third to Thirty-fourth Street, has been designed by Mr. J. R. Thomas, who was also the architect of the very successful Eighth Regiment Armory, two miles or so further up town. The building, as will be seen by Mr. Hawley's drawing, is a massive structure, at once dignified and suggestive of its purpose. It is to be built of rough granite, with a tile roof, and, while it has not the defensive strength of a fort to resist modern artillery, it is strong enough to withstand the attack of any ordinary unorganized street mob, and could be easily defended against such an enemy. The Signal Corps of the brigade also will have quarters in the building, and from the turrets and the balconies surrounding them the members will have opportunities for drill and practice.

The Second Battery will have quarters in what is the basement on the Thirty-third Street side of the building, but what is the first floor, on account of the difference in grade, on the Thirty-fourth Street side. There is on this floor a splendid drill-room, something like 200 feet square, without any supporting columns to interfere with the movements of the battery. No battery has ever before been so commodiously housed. There are, too, on this level the usual executive rooms for the command. Above this is the drill-room and the usual executive offices of the Seventy-first Regiment. This drill-room is 189 by 183 feet, and being above another room of like character without support to its ceiling, Mr. Thomas, the architect, had to solve an unusual problem. To put up supports in the room below would have interfered quite seriously with the value of the artillery drill-room; without such supports, the ordinary drilling of the regiment of infantry above would have created so much vibration that usual methods of construction would have been inadequate. Mr. Thomas conceived the idea of making the ceiling of the artillery-room, which should be the floor of the infantry-room, so strong that its dead weight should preponderate any possible living weight. On any ordinary bridge, troops in passing over are required to break step, because the cadence of men in regular motion creates a most destructive vibration. An elevated drill-room would be worthless if such a precaution were necessary. To obviate this, Mr. Thomas has designed for this floor arch steel trusses, between the spans of which are rolled iron beams, with double brick arches filled in with concrete, and on the top of this are the wooden sleepers and the wooden floor of the drill-room. With this method of construction, the load above is so small in comparison with the dead weight that any movement, however rythmical and provocative of vibration, will be inconsiderable.

Around the regimental drill-room will extend a balcony, from which visitors may see the manœuvres. The brigade headquarters will be in the second story in the Park Avenue front, and behind and above the balcony just mentioned will be the company rooms of the regiment, and each room will have a balcony of its own. The central location of the armory, and the fact that the regiment will always be to a great extent under the easy observation of the brigade commander, will probably add to the popularity of the organization.

The Seventy-first Regiment had its birth in 1849, when, in a convention of the Order of United Americans, it was decided to organize a purely American regiment. Four companies, called the American Rifles, were formed as a battalion, and made a part of the First Regiment of New York. The other companies were cavalry. In 1852 Colonel Vosburgh took command, and a regiment, which is now the Seventy-first, was formed, and called the "American Guard." At that time, and until in 1863, it was a rule of the organization that no one not born in America could be enlisted.

The first service of the regiment was in what was called the "Sepoy War," in Staten Island, when some of the citizens there resisted the establishment of a quarantine station for the protection of New York. During the "Dead Rabbit" riots, in the days when the "Bowery Boys" represented a turbulent element among the populace of New York, this organization, then known as the "Light Guards," took a hand, and captured loaded howitzers from the rioters. In 1861 the regiment responded to the call of President Lincoln, and went to the front. At Bull Run the losses amounted to ten per cent. of its force, but the regiment left the field in good order and in possession of its colors. Again in 1862 the regiment responded to the national call, and was in reserve when the second battle of Bull Run was fought. In 1863, when General Lee invaded Pennsylvania, the Seventy-first again went to the front, and staid thirty days, and until it was recalled on account of the draft riots in New York. It was called out in 1871 and again in 1877, and the regiment has always been equal to the duty it has been required to perform. Within a few weeks Francis Vinton Greene, a graduate of West Point, has been elected Colonel of the regiment, and it is likely that in a little while the efficiency of this corps of honorable antecedents will be inferior to none in the service of the State of New York.

The armory, which will cost $350,000, will be finished in eighteen months. The site cost $437,000. All this expense is borne by the city of New York.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.

A TRUE STORY FROM SIBERIA.

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

In this day the newspaper drag-net is closely woven and diligently drawn, but a good story sometimes escapes. This story, or rather hint of a story, from the far and desolate regions of Siberia seems to me the most unique instance in some time.

Several weeks ago a New York daily printed in an obscure place a paragraph about a startling happening in eastern Siberia. Although I read it attentively, as it interested me and recurred to me again and again, I have not been able to find it since. A few days ago, however, there was another paragraph, printed in the same obscure way, which makes the loss of the first of no consequence. Here it is:

"St. Petersburg, *June* 18.—The Russian government appears to have abandoned all hope of discovering the fate of Captain Alexandre Maximovitch Osersky, who in 1890 left Irkootsk, Siberia, in command of a military guard which was escorting to St. Petersburg a transport-train laden with gold ore of the value of several million rubles. Since then absolutely nothing has been heard of officers, men, or train."

Such an indefinite and imaginary view of Siberia's unexplored vastness is current that many people will at first glance see nothing startling in this. It is true that strange, unconventional things do happen in Siberia. But this is startling enough to have aroused the astonishment of even the Russians themselves.

The facts in the above despatch may be supplemented by some which were set forth in the first despatch. The guard consisted of about seventy-five men, all of whom were thoroughly familiar with the parts of Siberia to be traversed. The caravan set out late in January, 1890, and was last seen a few days later about two hundred miles to the west of Irkootsk, at one of the post-houses at which it stopped for the night. A week after the disappearance had been definitely settled, the Russian government set about tracing it in the most elaborate manner. The Czar issued an ukase commanding all Siberian subjects to aid in the search. Couriers were sent to the Tartar tribes along the route both north and south. Scouting parties went over the entire territory so far as was practicable. Traders across the great Chinese desert to the south were questioned, and the machinery of the Chinese government called in aid. So for a year and four months the search was kept up. The result has been told already. Not a bag of gold, not a recognizable skeleton, gun, or bit of uniform was found, and the mystery has been left to time and chance for unravelling.

The road from Irkootsk, three thousand miles and more across mountains and plains to the frontier of Russia, where the railroad from St. Petersburg ends, is a military highway much travelled, and dotted at distances of twenty miles with post-houses. It is not as smooth and easy as the River-side Drive, but it is a perfectly plain road, from which former perils were thought to have been banished entirely. Yet somewhere between two post-houses in the mountainous part of the road which lies between Lake Baikal and the level plain to the west, this considerable caravan vanished away, leaving not a trace behind.

A happening like this in a country so beset with bitterest weather, so full of unknown places and peoples, is most suggestive. What terrible, what unheard-of fate can have overtaken these seventy-five human beings and these several hundred horses and these great bags of gold ore?

This caravan was journeying in the midst of a Siberian winter. There were snows of incredible depth, there were swift and cutting winds. The road lay through mountains scarred and seamed by the attack of the sharpest elements from an immense antiquity. Old and untrodden forests of boundless extent were all about.

In the winter-time packs of fierce wolves sweep through these forests in great numbers. They are frenzied with hunger, and often rabid from the bites of mad wolves. They eat one another, and attack any party of travellers that may be abroad. It may be that some pack, of a size not known before, fell upon this caravan, which was driven or had wandered from the main road into the forest. Then the wolves, after a long fight, conquered, and men and beasts were devoured, and skeletons and gold now lie in an out-of-the-way place where no man will ever find them.

Although the length and strength of the arm of the Great White Czar, and the perils which await those who depart from the road, are well known, it may be that part of the guard conspired to seize the treasure, and make off with it across the desert of Gobi to Chinese ports. If this be true, and if the faithful part of the guard was killed, the thieves may have perished miserably of hunger and thirst in trying to cross the desert. Or some restless band of Tartars may have wiped the guard from the face of the earth, and the treasure may now be turned into arms and powder for warriors, bracelets and anklets for flat-nosed Tartar women.

So relentless is Russian vengeance, and so vigorous is the terror of it, that it seems improbable that the caravan vanished through human agency. The severity of the weather suggests that it may have lost the road during some blinding downpour of snow. Wandering about, a crash of ice and rock from an overhanging precipice may have dashed horses and men to the bottom of some mountain gorge so deep and so dark that not even a vulture could seek them out.

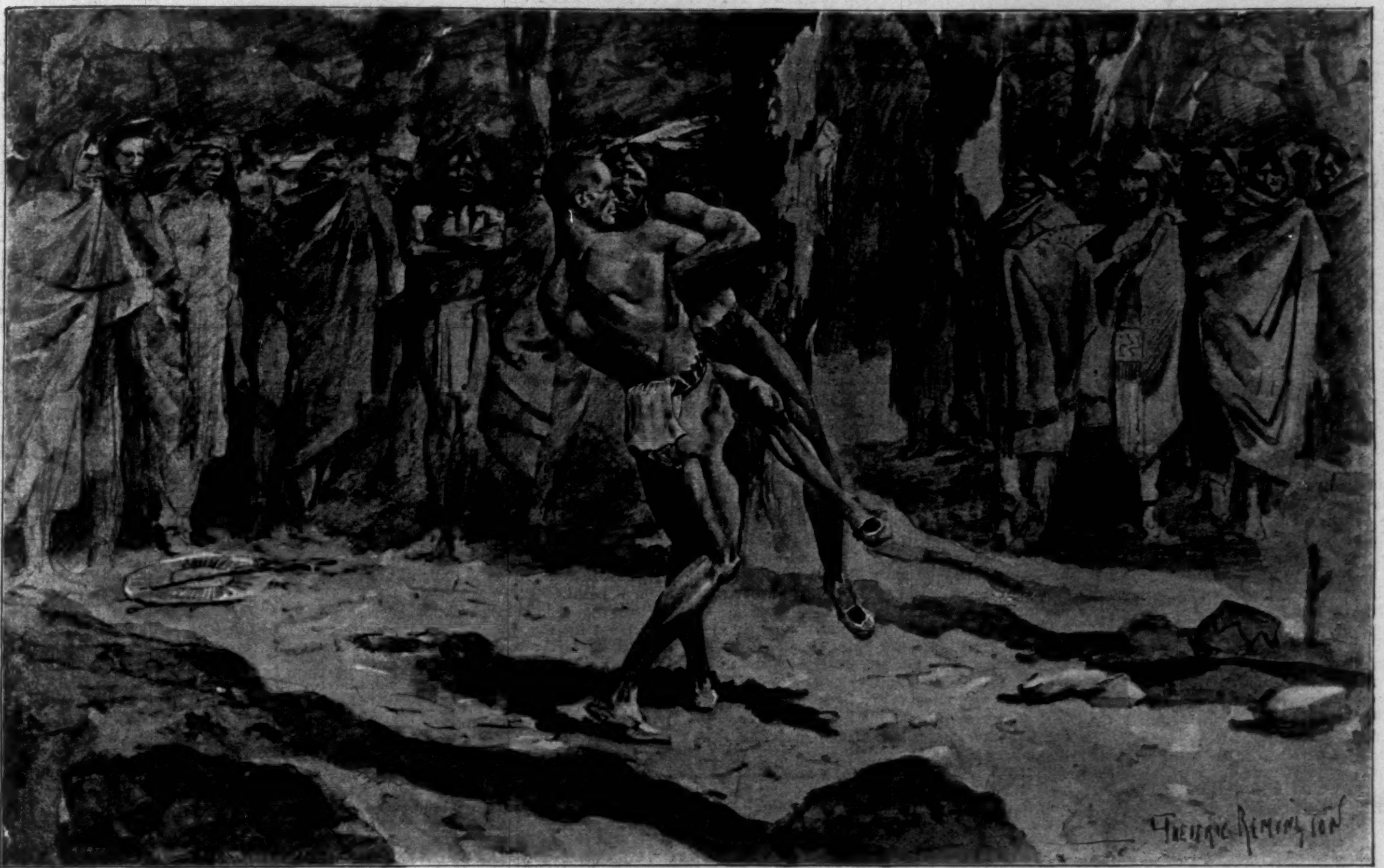
There are crevasses in these mountains, and a frozen cover often hides them. There may have been a sound of splintering ice, the shrieks of men helpless in the face of swift and certain death, and then a yawning of the bowels of the earth.

In this disappearance there is material for the most vigorous imagination to work upon without limit. It is not a small and defenceless party that is to be accounted for. It is a large caravan, well armed, well acquainted with the road, well prepared to meet any form of danger.

The road was constantly travelled; the Tartar tribes to the north and south see and hear all that goes on. The place of disappearance was between post-houses but twenty miles apart, and within easy reach of any one who might have escaped from the destroying fate. The more it is considered, the more the amazement of the Russian government is understood. It is hard to recall an occurrence so mysterious, so uncanny. No natural theory seems to account for the total annihilating of so large a number of living things.

You can feel the cruel fangs of arctic winds; you can see ten thousand wolves as they sweep through the marble forest, shrieking as they go. The snows are falling. The caravan of burdened horses, and of men in the heavy, strange dress of a Siberian winter is toiling along. Then—the caravan vanishes. Where? How? You cannot tell. You cannot imagine. The wild winter rages on, and that is all. Captain Osersky and his seventy-five men were and are not. This is no ghost story, but in arousing a "creepy" feeling, it comes nearer a ghost story than any tale I ever heard when the lamps were unlit, and the fire-light glistened on the wide fascinated eyes of the children.

REAR VIEW OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD STATION, BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 199.]



LE COUREUR DE NEIGES.

A CANADIAN LEGEND.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

Sancta Maria, speed us!
The sun is falling low.
Before us lies the valley
Of the Walker of the Snow.
—CHARLES D. SHANLY.

"*BENEDICITE,*" prayed a child, with uplifted hands; "*Dominus,*" began the company round the table, in chorus; and the child lisped on alone: "*nos et ea quae sumus sumpturi benedicat dextera Christi. In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.*" "*Amen,*" hastily responded the company, and at the word burst forth the clatter and disturbance of an ill-conducted family dinner in a Canadian household over two hundred years ago.

The father and mother had barely helped themselves before half a dozen spoons met and rattled against the sides of the large earthen-ware bowl, in a struggle to transfer the choicer morsels to the plates crowded close about its generous circumference. The clamorous contestants were a lot of half-grown boys and girls, ranging from Henri, an unlicked cub of eighteen, down to the child of six who had just repeated the old-fashioned grace.

A glance at the father, who, with an open book propped against his silver cup, sat quietly reading, unmindful of the noise and brawling, assured one that it was a gentleman's household; but the rough uneven floor, the bare walls, the rude benches down each side of the uncovered table, told of its careless poverty. And of the children, not one was fittingly dressed, nor, for the matter of that, properly clean; the girls were apparently without ordinary vanity, and the boys without a saving pride.

The children ate off pewter with heavy iron spoons and an insufficient number of knives between them; forks they had none, so, like their social inferiors, they helped themselves with their fingers; but Charles Marie-Antoine Lanouillier, Seigneur de Bois-brillant, at the head of the table, was served on silver, as was his wife, Denise, the pale-faced, small-featured lady in the faded green gown who faced him at the other end.

M. de Bois-brillant, a captain in the Carignan-Sallière regiment and a Chevalier of the Military Order of St. Louis, had done a man's fair share of campaigning, both against the Turk in Europe and the Indian in New France, and, for reward, was granted some thousands of acres on the banks of the Richelieu *en fief et seigneurie*, with the imposing privileges of *haute, moyenne, et basse justice.* His *seigneurie*, however, was at such an inconvenient distance from the protecting forts of Chambly and St. Jean that *censitaires* were slow in presenting themselves, and M. de Bois-brillant, without adequate means for the cultivation of his estate, was just drifting into hopeless poverty; to-day he would be described as "land poor." He was the last man in the world to make any successful effort to retrieve his fortune. Whilst a soldier he had fulfilled his duties with a punctilious exactitude more in keeping with the spirit of a knight of the days of chivalry than of an infantry officer of the seventeenth century. As he was of good family, his connections at court saw to his advancement, and his present position as *seigneur* of these unbroken acres came in like manner, without effort on his part. He had an unusual liking for book-learning, and, so long as he could pore over his Tacitus or Montaigne and eat decently off his silver, took but little notice of what went on about him. He considered that he had made sufficient sacrifice for his family when he wrote to a powerful relative soliciting his favor on behalf of his eldest son, who was now in France as squire to the Baron de la Roche-Bernard, learning the art of war, after the unvarying tradition of the family.

Madame de Bois-brillant, like many another gentlewoman of her day, was bitterly disappointed and disheartened by the unending and apparently hopeless struggle which life in the half-savage colony demanded. So long as her husband had remained in the army there was some hope of a return, and she lived her life as bravely as her fellow-exiles; but when he accepted his grant from the King, and settled down contentedly to a life of coarse poverty and careless indifference, she wearied of any attempt to govern the household in his stead, and rapidly aged into a hardened cynical woman, looking on the mean surroundings of her daily life with the sometimes amused, sometimes disgusted eye of an outsider.

The children had grown up uncared for, uneducated, and unrestrained; they wandered where they would, without a thought for any other than themselves, and the natural development followed.

A loud barking, interrupted and at length silenced by a string of vigorous imprecations, quieted the noisy crowd about the table for a moment.

"There's Gui!" called out Angélique. "You'd better get out of his place before he asks you, Monsieur Henri."

But Henri paid no attention to the taunting warning except to forestall Gui's probable choice by securing the best portion of fowl left on the platter, transferring it to his own plate with his unwiped fingers.

Gui entered, a tall, handsome, dark-featured youth of twenty, dressed with an approach to savage finery. He wore neatly made moccasins, his leggings were new and tight-fitting, and his white buckskin shirt, worn outside his leggings, and secured round his waist with a worked porcupine belt, was ornamented down the arms and breast with a short fringe, each point of which was tipped with red and yellow beads.

His father never raised his head from his book, but the others looked towards him expectant.

He glanced at his usual seat, then placing his gun in the corner, strode over to the table and stood behind the exasperating Henri. A look at the others sufficed; in an instant he had the usurper by the collar and around the waist, and in spite of a frantic clutch at everything within reach, jerked him over the low bench, and sent him sprawling on the floor.

A shout of jeering laughter greeted the discomfited Henri as he rose, and, with an angry snarl, hurled his pewter plate with all his force at his elder brother, who avoided it with ease, and, straddled the empty place in convenient position for further defence. But no attack was made, whereupon Gui, ordering Angélique to pick up the battered plate and wipe it, began his dinner with what remained on the large platter in the same uncouth manner as the others.

When his hunger was satisfied he walked over to a rude *placard*, or cupboard, let into the side wall, poured out a mug of small-beer from the pitcher and drank in silence, staring moodily at his mother the while.

"Do you see anything, *mon petit?*" she challenged, in her flute-like voice.

"Nothing worth remembering," he retorted, setting down his mug.

The clatter about the table ceased instantly, the children glanced eagerly from mother to brother, while M. de Bois-brillant, roused by the sudden silence, exclaimed, dreamily: "Eh! eh! What did you say, my son?"

"Nothing, my father, except a word to madame, my mother, to express my regret at leaving so pleasant a home."

"What! Has the Vicomte written?" asked M. de Bois-brillant, with a sudden interest.

"No. I go where I need no support from Vicomte, or any other patron than myself."

"Not that folly of the woods, my son? Not that disreputable life full of ignoble dangers?"

"Oh, he is a brave runner!" piped the mother, mockingly.

"Madame, I felicitate you on the taste of your compliment."

"Full of ignoble dangers," continued M. de Bois-brillant, unheeding, "and degrading to any gentleman of good family."

"A gentleman of good family!" laughed Gui. "A gentleman of good family! Has 'family' ever given me anything more than life? Has 'family' prevented these"—indicating his brothers and sisters with scornful sweep of his hand—"from growing up into good-for-nothing savages? I was a fool to have refused Dulhut's offer when with La Taupine last year, but now I will make no more mistakes. Here everything has gone to the devil without, everything is going to the devil within, and you would have me stay in it all, because, forsooth, I am 'a gentleman of good family.' No; I have played the 'gentleman' for the last time, and now I turn *coureur*. Yes, madame"—turning on his mother in answer to her affected surprise—"yes, madame, *coureur*—*coureur de bois*, if you will have it at length."

"May you be as successful in your new rôle as in your old!" smiled madame.

For once Gui did not respond; he moved towards his gun, and there stood for a moment as if expecting some word from his father; but the old officer fingered nervously at his silver cup, so unmistakably anxious to end the scene that Gui, in contemptuous pity, walked quietly out of the room, his mother's tantalizing laugh ringing after him in mocking farewell.

Henceforward Gui de Bois-brillant was seen no more in his usual haunts about the *seigneurie*, nor yet in the streets of Montreal, nor in the taverns of Quebec.

At the beginning of his career he ran the round of the distant posts of Michilimacinac, of Kaministiquia and La Tourette in the north, and St. Louis in the south; but he soon wore out his welcome at each in turn, for his overbearing savage nature rapidly leaped the easy limits recognized by even the unexacting *coureurs de bois.* His appearances at the larger forts grew more and more rare, and as they not unfrequently ended in more or less serious quarrels, he was there looked upon with a suspicion and distrust which but served as additional fuel to his vanity.

He naturally fell in with the most lawless of his kind; with them he committed flagrant offences against *ordonnances* of both Governor and Intendant, and before long was a proscribed and outlawed man, with a price set upon his head.

His unquestioned courage, joined to his unusual strength, had won him the universal admiration of the Indians, who readily offered the open worship his overweening vanity greedily demanded, and he was nowhere so thoroughly satisfied as when the centre of a group of approving savages.

His fame spread abroad through most distant tribes. He

was renowned among the Sioux and Dacotahs of the plains, the Issati of the upper Mississippi, and the Natchez of the south as a mighty hunter and warrior, a runner of incredible speed, and the most reckless of gamesters.

No foot was surer, no instinct truer than his in the chase; no great funeral feast was complete without his presence to lead the customary games; and when he had anything to lose, he would sit night after night in the lodges, risking his dearly won peltries or more dearly prized weapons on the cast of the colored bones, or the combined skill and chance of the *jeu de paille*.

When he ceased to visit the French posts, it was easy to throw aside what little remained of the restraints of civilization. No red-skinned pagan with whom he fraternized was more naturally a savage than this son of a French officer, who had never met their breed save at the sword's point.

His straight regular features were burnt into as dusky a color as his fellows; his dress was theirs in every particular; like them, he painted his face and body, and oiled and dressed his hair in long ornamental braids. About the ever-moving camp fires he could boast or lie as bravely of real or imaginary exploits, bandy his obscene jests, or quarrel as fiercely as any savage of them all.

In time he was forgotten by his own race. He had disappeared from their thinly scattered ranks into the darkness of the surrounding barbarism, and in the painted half-naked savage, famed among his fellow-savages as Outagami the Fox, there was nothing to recall the turbulent personality once known to men as Charles-Nicolas-Gui Lanouillier de Bois-brillant.

Outagami the savage ventured where Gui the renegade would not dare. Outagami had no known past behind him. He joined in and led war parties against Frenchmen, Hollander, or English without scruple or remorse. He was not more cruel than his fellows—that was impossible—but to their cruelty he added an intelligence that was devilish in its ingenuity.

When M. de la Barre moved, with all his impotent "pomp and circumstance of war," against the Iroquois, only to end in the humiliating peace of La Famine, Outagami was absent on a marauding expedition in the south, and only rejoined his tribe when they returned flushed with insolent victory. In wilful defiance of their would-be conquerors, and in flagrant violation of the despised treaty, they had made a detour on their return, raided an Outaouas village, and carried off a score of prisoners.

Chafing at his ill fortune—for he would have given much to beard the Governor and his following, each of whom he looked upon with envenomed hate as his personal enemy,—Outagami vented his displeasure in taunting his comrades and underrating their exploit. Finding this course unavailing, he began an insolent examination of the prisoners, demanding the names of their captors, boasting of his own achievements, and promising tortures to each victim in turn.

Suddenly he stopped before a young squaw in pretended indignation and amazement. Who had dared to interfere with his property? She belonged to him; he had seen her once in a dream. Then, changing his tone: But perchance he was mistaken? She had come of her own free-will to meet him, or some brother had guided her feet to his side.

The girl shrank back, alarmed at his truculent advances, while a burst of laughter greeted his bravado. It was quieted for a moment, but only to swell into a roar of applause as a brave stepped forward and challenged Outagami to make his words good.

"*I* brought her, my brother. But you were far away with the setting sun, and for this reason I left her grandmother, who still awaits your coming."

"Is her grandmother skilled in the use of herbs, my brother?"

"Yes, O Outagami! and she is even now gathering leaves for your hurts."

Again the challenger won the applause of the crowd by his anticipation of Outagami's gibe, and, without more ado, both men threw off leggings and blankets and faced each other.

A ring was instantly formed. The combatants moved warily round, seeking an opportunity to close, taunting each other the while and inciting attack by feigned advance or retreat. Nearer and nearer they circled until at last they touched, and then, unable to restrain themselves, they sprang upright and grappled. Backwards and forwards they strained and twisted with every trick and ruse of the trained wrestler, while the crowd uttered low grunts of approval, and the prisoners stood a-tiptoe to watch the struggle. No human strength could stand such a strain for any time; muscle, bone, and sinew were tried to their utmost, when Outagami, in a supreme effort, lifted and threw his antagonist, limp and breathless, amid a mighty roar of admiration from the fickle crowd. Spent and exhausted, the two braves rested after their bout, while ready hands brought them water and chafed their throbbing limbs.

"Brother," said Outagami at last, "if you are still in doubt, there are six little bones by which we may decide."

The crowd fell in with his humor, and the principal warriors moved toward the lodge of the chief, where the two braves seated themselves on an outspread deer-skin, each with his counters of grains beside him, and the round cup with the colored bones in the centre.

Hour after hour through the dusk of the evening and in the light of the rekindled fire they threw with varying chances, with rapid passes and gestures, with wild cries and heavy smitings of the breast, and a never-ceasing flow of ribaldry, in which the excited crowd freely joined, until fortune again sided with Outagami.

Twice had he won the girl fairly, but his vanity could be satisfied with no positive victory while a further triumph lay within a possibility.

Throwing the cup and bones over his shoulder, and scattering his counters among the crowd with an exultant shout, he challenged his opponent to another trial—a race in the dark.

Out into the chill of the September night trooped the warriors. Women and children eagerly piled dry branches on the fire until it leaped and flared in the frosty air. Runners were sent out to the points to be passed by the contestants, who stood stripped and ready for the signal to start.

As they waited, from out the darkness on the left came the call of the man at the last post, answered by him at the next, fainter again in the distance and again louder and nearer on the right.

The rivals stood swaying at the mark, and at the signal from the chief shot forth. In an instant both were lost to the keenest eye which followed. The crowd stood in an eager silence, with every body bent forward and every sense strained to its utmost to catch some indication of the invisible runners.

Then "U-u-u-u-ugh!" rang from the first picket. Again the same signal came fainter and more distant, then again, and again, and a few minutes later the crowd broke into a frantic roar of delight, and rapidly fell back into two great masses as Outagami flashed from out the darkness, and in the delirium of his triumph dashed through the blazing fire, scattering brands and flame in his mad finish ere his opponent came into sight.

It was a superb effort, and even his inordinate vanity was satisfied with the enthusiastic admiration it called forth.

He had won the prize; the girl belonged to him by right of conquest as undisputed as if he had carried her off red-handed in the midnight massacre of her tribe.

He laughed to scorn the command of the elders that he should marry her according to their custom. He marry? He had never looked twice at living woman, and if he chose to claim her, it was only because she belonged to him as actually as his gun or his hunting-knife. She was his—not his wife, not his mistress, but his, to use as he pleased, to kill or let live, to toil, to laugh, to sing, or to weep at his pleasure, and, with the inexplicable nature of woman, she followed as he led, without a murmur.

She followed him in all his wanderings, however distant, however dangerous, for he gave no thought to her safety more than to his own. They were not two people—he was Outagami, and she belonged to him, body and soul. He gave nothing to her; his protection was simply the terror of his name.

Years brought new triumphs, for his phenomenal physical development had become his passion, towards which no vice, no temptation, could lure him even into a momentary forgetfulness. With every repeated success his pride in his power and his contempt for his fellows swelled beyond all bounds, until his intolerable arrogance made all companionship impossible.

Farther and farther he wandered with his one human companion, known and shunned in every lodge from the head of the Belle Rivière to the utmost limits of the Missouri; never coming into any camp save to replenish his store of powder or to taste once more the sweetness of acknowledged mastery in some fierce contest of savage strength or skill.

But his fame had grown to such a point that he could rarely find a brave who dared to face him. It was whispered that his strength and endurance were something more than human, and a sinister reason for his long disappearances was hinted at that was sufficient to hold back all but the most reckless. In time he came to believe something of it himself, and the moment he felt that his success was assured by some external power, he lost his strong incentive towards victory—it was no longer his, it was no longer personal. Then with the belief came fear—fear of injury to that beautiful perfect body with its marvellous strength, the one thing he worshipped, and once this asserted itself, it became all-powerful. With a courage born of his fear—a courage superior to all shame or contempt—he henceforward refused to lead or join in any war party, no matter how powerful, or take up any private quarrel, no matter how great the provocation.

Despised or hated by all about him, he wandered through unknown woods, by unknown waters, haunted by his ever-present fear of accident, in ever-increasing loneliness, followed by the one human creature whose presence he could command.

She seldom spoke to him and never uttered his name. When he entered any camp, the old familiar cry, "Outagami," never heralded his approach. If spoken of at all, it was as *le coureur;* he had lost his human name, and had become a *thing* even to the savage.

But a day came when the passion for victory once more awoke within him. News was spread of a wonderful runner who had arisen among the Outaouais—a runner whose name and whose exploits were on all lips as were once those of the almost-forgotten champion. While in the Sioux country he heard from a wandering half-breed of the renown of the new hero, who might be found with his tribe on their hunting-grounds on the upper Ottawa.

The old fire of ambition and lust of praise, once rekindled, burnt with renewed fierceness, and he would brave all to taste again the long-accustomed sweets of victory.

Relying on his unabated strength and endurance, he braved the almost insurmountable hardships of a winter journey through the desolate region north of Lake Superior, not daring to approach the forts, or risk encounter with certain enemies on the regular routes of travel. He battled against storm and cold and hunger, undaunted and unshaken, but when he reached the ice-bound limits of the Ottawa, the woman who had so long borne her unmerited burden of shame and ill-repute, laid herself down exhausted, and, with a gleam of hope, saw the hour of her deliverance at hand.

He commanded and threatened her in vain. Then, not in pity, but in very terror lest he should be left alone with his ever-present fear, he built a rude wigwam, cut fir branches for a bed, gathered a store of wood, and for a whole morning hunted, and returned laden with a supply of food. She lay without a movement, following his every motion with her fever-lighted eyes, as he cooked the meat, laid some of it beside her, then ate of it himself, and stretched his wearied body by the fire, where he slept to the shrill piping of the icy wind through the openings of their frail shelter.

Hour after hour she lay there, watching the immovable sleeper, watching the gloom gather closer and closer round the dying fire, listening to the piping blast sinking into a moaning softness and gradually swelling into a roar as it swept down with its scourge of icy snow that whipped and flogged at the rattling bark on the straining poles.

At last he awoke—listened for a moment to the rising storm, threw fresh wood on the smoking fire, and taking up his snow-shoes, examined them with the greatest care.

She spoke to him, but he only glanced at her without a word. When he had examined and tested his snow-shoes, he threw off his scanty clothing, and warming his pot of colored earths at the fire, began to paint his face and body according to his wont. She spoke again, but he went on unheeding. When he finished, he dressed with care and deliberation, and taking a small portion of food, he picked up his snow-shoes and bent to crawl through the low entrance.

Again the dying woman spoke, but this time her feeble mutterings ended in such a cry of fierce desperation that he sprang to his feet in amazement.

What had happened?

The stolid expressionless mask he had so long known had fallen, and in its place started forth a face distorted in a storm of passionate hate; the timid shifting eyes blazed with a steady demoniacal fire; the mute slavish lips now poured forth a torrent of reproach and execration.

His surprise died as quickly as it had arisen, and with his devilish skill he stood there eying her immovably until the old power reasserted itself, and she cowered beneath the terror of his glance, her strident scream breaking into a low wail of hopeless weakness.

But even as he triumphed, the crisis returned, and gathering new force, the suppressed hatred of her life burst forth in all the fierceness of savage malediction.

She called upon every power of evil to curse him in his strength, in his pride of mastery, in his hour of victory, in his hour of direst need. "Go!" she screamed, with a shriek of frenzied laughter, high above the roar of the storm. "Go! Run swifter than the wind, faster than the day; run until the wind dies forever and the day comes no more—but before you my curse shall ever wait. Go! Go!"

And with fear clinging to him as a garment, he turned and crawled through the opening into the blackness without.

With her awful curse ringing in his ears, he staggered to his feet, and in blind desperation rushed forward in the teeth of the driving storm, heedless of his course.

The familiar struggle against the tempest at last partially recalled him to his senses. With a shudder, he paused and shook himself as if to throw off his overwhelming burden, and turning his back to the wind, stood crouching before it as he tried to collect his thoughts. But he could think of nothing save her awful curse. It rang through his brain with a terrible insistence till all the evil of his nature awoke in fierce revolt, and with a low growl of defiance he stood upright and retraced his steps. She must unsay the curse she had laid upon him, or he would strangle her with his hands as she lay.

Pushing aside the frozen cloth before the entrance, he crawled back into the wigwam. The fire still burned brightly, and on her bed of pine the figure of the woman lay immovable.

With hot anger surging through every fibre and contracting every muscle into murderous tension, he crawled noiselessly toward the outstretched figure. He was almost beside her now, but she lay unmindful of his presence. He raised himself on the points of his fingers, ready for his spring, when he caught a fuller view of her face, and with a gasp of despair, he saw that another and a greater change had come.

The being he had known was gone, and in her place was Death Eternal—Death under a frozen mask of hate thrilling him with terror as he read the undying curse written in its staring eyes.

There he knelt as immovable as the presence before him, with no thought of vengeance, no effort of escape, the life within him ebbing backward, backward, backward, before the unchangeable hatred of the dead.

Suddenly the wigwam strained and bent, and then was torn bodily from its fastenings, the blazing fire was whirled and scattered into the white emptiness about, and with a scream of torture, the kneeling figure leaped to its feet, and was swept away in the path of the midnight storm.

Onward it fled through the depths of the groaning forest, amid the crash of frozen branches, down the broad course of the sheeted river, shrieking between the ice-bound walls of rock in the narrows, over the open plain to the sleeping town, where the bells quivered in a long moan as they lifted before its fury and then swung back with one harsh clang, at which affrighted sleepers moaned, or, starting up, crossed themselves in the darkness, as the tortured spirit swept onward, onward, down to the very edge of the realm of winter and of death ere it turned, and rushed, with its never-ceasing wail of despair, back towards the endless night and desolation of the north.

Men have looked upon that midnight horror, but no living man has told what his eyes have seen. Only when the fierce might of summer has rolled back the shroud of winter to the unchangeable limits of the eternal snow, in the depth of the awakening forest, on the green breast of the flowering prairie, on the level beach of the swollen river, are found the forever quiet bodies of those who in an evil hour have looked upon the face of the lost *Coureur de Neiges*.

THE CITY OF PITTSBURG.

THERE are some things in nature and art that one cannot quite understand except by contact. In its modern attributes the city of Pittsburg seems to be one of these, for to people whose ideas of material evolution are based on the conventional and the normal there is an elusive element in its present state that cannot always be taken into account. It is the difference between the old and new in Pittsburg that the occasional visitor is at a loss to understand. One may expect changes in the newer part of the West, where towns and cities sometimes change with each phase of the moon or the real-estate market, but in the East, which has had its character formed for a hundred years, a radical change is something almost without parallel. Pittsburg's Eastern neighbors are hardly to be blamed, therefore, for some shadow of reluctance in grasping the full measure of her modern evolution. One must have been in contact with both conditions to properly appreciate the change.

It was in the early hours of a quiet April morning that I first saw the old Pittsburg. I had voyaged down the Allegheny River for three days on a huge lumber raft, and on the morning of the fourth day the raft passed from among the green hills and the sloping banks, and made a landing at what seemed to be and probably was the smokiest, sootiest, dingiest spot on the North American continent. The landing-place was on the Allegheny City levee, just opposite Pittsburg. The buildings up and down the river were black and dirty beyond all hope of cleanliness, the bridges were grimy with soot and smoke, the steamboats that went wheezing about as though choked with the smoke from their own furnaces were painted, from back-stays to rudder posts with the universal grime, and over all was a cloud of smoke that rolled and drifted and surged as thick as a black fog. Smoke was everywhere. No crevice was small enough to keep it out, and no surface was smooth enough to refuse its layer of soot. The streets, the business blocks, and even the private houses were unthinkably dirty and forbidding. The only clean thing was the pine raft, with its layers of fresh-sawn boards still redolent with the sweet odors of the far-off forests of the upper Allegheny; but that, too, soon took on a tinge of brown like all its surroundings. Pittsburg was not a pleasant place to loiter in, and I very quickly changed my quarters from an unclean room in a hotel to the cabin of a steamboat, and went voyaging down the beautiful Ohio River.

Years afterward I again stood on the river bank, and looked out across the city of Pittsburg. It was the "Smoky City" no more. There was smoke here and there, but it was mostly from the steamboats on the river and the locomotives in the railway yards. The chimneys of the foundries and mills no longer gave forth great volumes of black smoke. The sun was shining clear and full in the city streets, and all about was the clean bright aspect of the average Eastern city. Forgetting the lapse of time, it seemed to me

that the mills were shut down and business closed; but I was assured by a Pittsburg friend that the quiet-looking city was doing more work, and incidentally making more money, than it ever had done before. The mills were running under high pressure, and the business streets were humming with traffic. Since my first visit many new buildings had been erected in all parts of the city, and public improvements had been made that were a credit to the State. Everywhere about there was evidence of improvement and change.

Home Pittsburg and working Pittsburg are two very different cities. The contrast never fails to surprise one when it is revealed. The visitor to the city sees along the river front an endless succession of mills and factories reddening the skies with their furnace glares. He lands in the business section—a limited area of bottom-land in the angle formed by the junction of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers. It is a crowded, bustling place, noisy with the traffic which congests its rather narrow thoroughfares. Here are the hotels and theatres, and this is the Pittsburg which the casual visitor sees. But if he should take an electric or a cable car (the horse-car is a thing of the past) for a ride in the residence section, how soon is the scene transformed! Soon he enters an undulating country, where are to be seen only lawns, gardens, cottages, villas, groves, meadows, and parks. For miles around, the visitor sees what he will pronounce to be a beautiful suburban landscape. But this is Pittsburg, just as much so as the work-a-day section that is the Pittsburg of industrial renown. These embowered cottages are as completely city residences as if they were on Fifth Avenue. They have every usual city convenience, and in addition have the incomparable facility of fuel gas.

This brightening of Pittsburg's outward appearance and this quickening of her business life were brought about by natural gas. Like other important sources of its wealth, Pittsburg's beneficial agent in this respect came from the upper Allegheny River. Natural gas had been used by the oil region towns in the Allegheny Valley for several years in a desultory sort of way, but when it was found that gas wells, in contradistinction to oil wells, would give a handsome return for the capital invested, a systematic effort was made to find them near the larger centres of population. In course of time Oil City, Titusville, and other valley towns of considerable population were not only lighted but also heated by natural gas, at prices usually satisfactory to the consumer. It was not long before gas was found in large quantities in the neighborhood of Pittsburg, and companies were soon formed for the purpose of conveying it in pipes to the mills, business blocks, and private houses. Steam-users found that gas was a much better fuel than coal, and householders discovered, what the oil-region people had known for years, that gas is the ideal fuel for domestic purposes. A peaceful revolution took place in Pittsburg. The great mills ceased to belch forth huge clouds of smoke, the merchant no longer looked upon soot as the chief enemy of the human race, and the careful housewife put gas-burners into her coal stoves, and took courage to clean house. Every one felt the beneficial change except the coal dealer. Householders brightened up the exteriors of their houses, new houses were built that had not even been contemplated before, and many improvements were projected that could not have been thought of in the old atmosphere of smoke and soot. People who had business in Pittsburg, but were unwilling to live there, soon moved into the city, and others who wanted both business and homes in Pittsburg had no excuse for remaining away. The population increased at a remarkable rate. Hardly any boom city of the new West could show such progress. What had been 156,389 in 1880 became 238,473 in 1890. These are the figures of the United States census. Here is a gain in population of 82,084 in ten years. Most of that gain has been made within the past five years, or since the introduction of natural gas, which indicates in a measure what she might have been had soft-coal smoke never clouded her progress. It should be borne in mind, moreover, that these figures do not include the suburban towns that are practically a part of Pittsburg. There are a number of places in Allegheny County that have a large manufacturing population, the business of which centres in Pittsburg. Among them may be mentioned MacKeesport, Braddock, Sharpsburg, and Etna. Allegheny City is so closely allied to Pittsburg in every particular that it need not be considered as a suburban city at all. The entire population of Allegheny County is 551,856, which is an increase of 195,987 since the last census report. The percentage of increase is 55.07, a really remarkable showing. The population of Allegheny City is now 104,967, as against 77,682 in 1880. When the trade and industrial conditions of Allegheny County are considered, it will be seen that the business transacted in the city of Pittsburg represents the industry of more than half a million of people. The reports and statistics of the Post-office Department bear this out in a strikingly conclusive manner. The figures show that Pittsburg now ranks with Brooklyn, Baltimore, San Francisco, and Washington in the matter of postal receipts, and that only six cities in the country are ahead of her. Those six cities are New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, and Cincinnati. During the past fiscal year the increase in revenue at the Pittsburg Post-office was very large.

In considering these figures, the fact should be borne in mind that Pittsburg is by no means a new city, but is one of the oldest in the Middle States. It was something of a trading post away back in the last century, when the French, the English, and the Indians were rather hazy in their minds regarding the question of official supremacy. The Indians had the prior claim to the site of Pittsburg, because they had used it for many years, and perhaps hundreds of years, as a general meeting-place for the tribes that wandered back and forth in the Ohio and Allegheny water-sheds. It was a natural spot for this sort of thing. The winding Allegheny came down from one direction, and the Monongahela came down from another, and here they united and formed the Ohio, which went flowing out into a wilderness that no red man ever had seen the end of. The pioneer white men very quickly saw the strategic and commercial value of the meeting of the rivers, and they straightway built a fort to command the situation. Of the picturesque history of Fort Duquesne and the tragic folly of Braddock's Field I need not speak here, as these events are wellnigh as familiar to the American school-boy as to the most learned historian.

In later years, when the tide of battle had so ebbed that settlers came in safety to the valleys of the Ohio and Allegheny, the town of Pittsburg began to show its real importance as a trading post and commercial centre. The pack trains that toiled over the Allegheny Mountains with supplies for the settlers in the Ohio Valley made Pittsburg their objective point, and on the return trip they took with them such freight of furs and skins as the new communities had to send to market. From this simple beginning Pittsburg grew steadily as a trader, and in the course of time the people of the Ohio, Allegheny, and Monongahela valleys looked to her as the base of all their supplies.

When Pittsburg discovered her natural wealth of coal and iron she set about manufacturing most of the iron things that the pack trains had brought over the mountains. Stoves and ploughs naturally took precedence, as being most in demand in a frontier country, and stoves and ploughs still remain among the most important articles of manufacture in Allegheny County. Other articles of domestic and agricultural use were manufactured as soon as there was a demand for them. The subsequent history of Pittsburg is easily told. The city simply grew with the growth of its tributary country. Pittsburg was from the first a city of resources. No matter what the demand, or how urgently it was made, Pittsburg always contrived to meet it. The increased demand for coal and iron opened new mines, each one of which added to Pittsburg's prosperity. Glass manufacture in all its various lines grew, and became one of the prominent features of the city's industrial activity. When the demand came for pine lumber, Pittsburg sent sawmills into the forests along the Allegheny and Monongahela. The mills sang merrily during the long winter months, and with the first freshets of spring the huge rafts of pine boards came drifting in to anchorage at the Pittsburg levee. Here they were made up into still greater rafts, and sent voyaging down the Ohio to Wheeling, Cincinnati, and beyond. The rafting season was a picturesque one at Pittsburg. Freed from their irksome labors of the winter, the roistering raftsmen were wont to make things pretty lively in the city streets during the spring season, and certainly they were well qualified to do it. The rafting business continued for many years, but eventually the railroads carried all the lumber from the mills, because they could do it cheaper and better, and so one of the most picturesque and interesting industries of western Pennsylvania came to an end. The raft that I voyaged to Pittsburg upon must have been one of the last that drifted down the yellow Allegheny, and now rafting exists only in the recollections of the old pilots who haunt the river banks in freshet-time, and mourn for the good old days when rafts were almost as numerous as bits of drift-wood in the swollen stream.

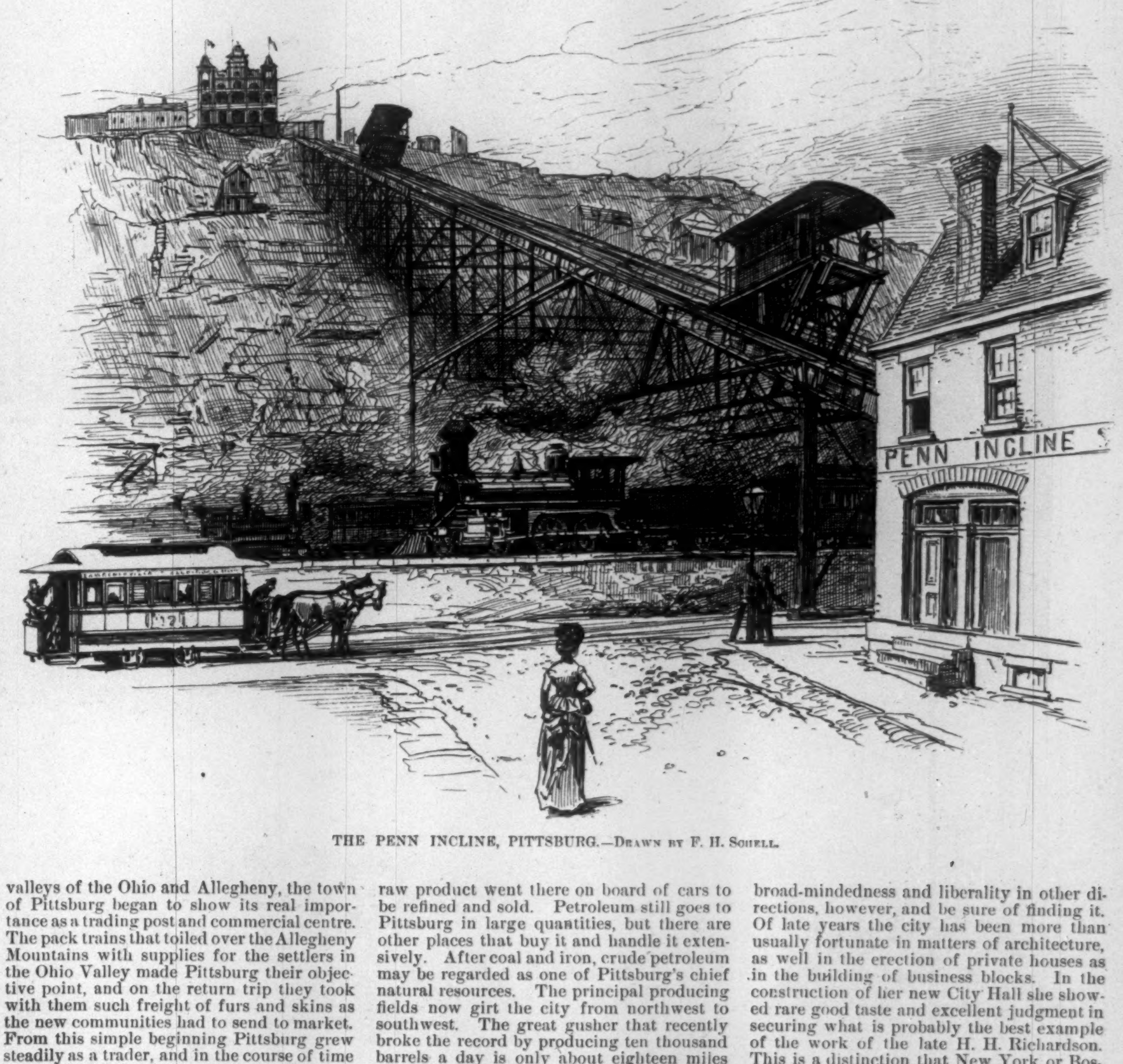
With the decline of rafting there came a new industry to Pittsburg. It was petroleum. The first oil that was found in the Allegheny Valley went to Pittsburg in flatboats, and later on millions of barrels of the raw product went there on board of cars to be refined and sold. Petroleum still goes to Pittsburg in large quantities, but there are other places that buy it and handle it extensively. After coal and iron, crude petroleum may be regarded as one of Pittsburg's chief natural resources. The principal producing fields now girt the city from northwest to southwest. The great gusher that recently broke the record by producing ten thousand barrels a day is only about eighteen miles from the city. The spot value of the oil production tributary to Pittsburg is at present over $1,500,000 a month. Following the development of the oil industry came the utilization of natural gas, which has acted as the incentive for the commercial and social revolution in the old smoky city.

It will be seen that with all her resources of coal and iron, lumber and petroleum, Pittsburg is, above all things, a manufacturing city. She does not claim to be anything else, although the annual statistics and reports of her ably conducted Chamber of Commerce show that she takes a high rank as a wholesale trader. One would think that it would be enough for any city to be the largest iron and steel producer in the country, but Pittsburg is always on the watch for new things that will in any way add to her prosperity and her population. The newcomer in Pittsburg will find there in its highest state of development that breadth and intelligence in the transaction of business that is nearly always characteristic of men who handle large affairs.

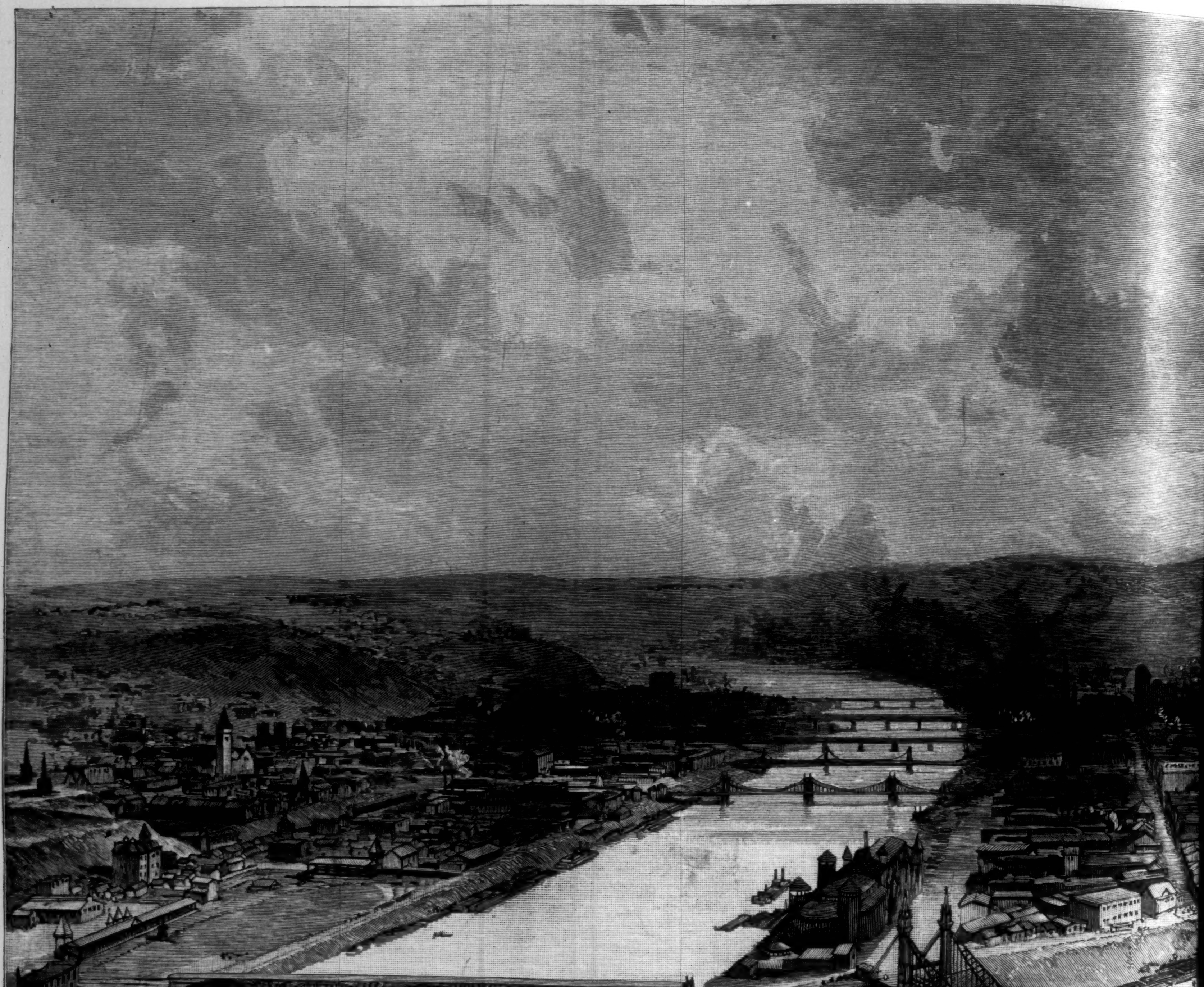
One need not go to Pittsburg to get a fairly good idea of the people and their ways of life, for the newspapers very faithfully represent the tone and character of the public sentiment. As a general thing, a city is judged more by its newspapers than any other half-dozen things that might be named. As applied to Pittsburg the newspaper test is unusually appropriate. It might be supposed that in a decidedly Republican community like Allegheny County, which has its ideas of the tariff pretty well fixed, there would be a first-class Republican paper like the *Commercial-Gazette*, which should represent the party and its ideas, as well as to publish the news, but the existence here of one of the leading independent papers not only of Pennsylvania, but of the United States, indicates an intelligence and an independence in the people that is far beyond party sentiment and party action. As able and influential a paper as the *Dispatch* could have no place in Pittsburg were there no independent sentiment in Allegheny County to support it. An independent paper to a large extent creates its own constituency, but it must first have a foundation of intelligence and broad-mindedness to work upon. The remarkable success of the *Dispatch*, its recognized ability and influence, and its high place among American newspapers add undoubted proof to the growing belief that the greatest papers of the country are those that have the most independence of character.

The visitor to Pittsburg may look for broad-mindedness and liberality in other directions, however, and be sure of finding it. Of late years the city has been more than usually fortunate in matters of architecture, as well in the erection of private houses as in the building of business blocks. In the construction of her new City Hall she showed rare good taste and excellent judgment in securing what is probably the best example of the work of the late H. H. Richardson. This is a distinction that New York or Boston would be justly proud of. It is to be expected that judgment as good as this will be shown in the erection of the library and art gallery which Mr. Andrew Carnegie has made possible by the generous offer of a million dollars for that purpose. The new building will stand at the entrance to the new four-hundred-acre park that was given to the city a short time ago.

The advancement of the city in a material way is clearly shown by the permits taken out at the Building Inspector's office, which average several millions of dollars yearly, which is an excellent record for a city of this size. The suburban growth has also been rapid of late years, owing to the improved facilities for rapid transit. The building outlook is said to be very bright, which may be taken as an indication of the prosperous condition of other branches of business. Taking into consideration all of Pittsburg's present circumstances, the impartial observer must acknowledge that the city has good reason to be satisfied with her condition and hopeful for the future.



THE PENN INCLINE, PITTSBURG.—Drawn by F. H. Schell.



PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, FROM GRAN

IEW AVENUE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

YE PAGE SPEAKETH

My Ladye to my Lorde
hath sente
A perfumed, written
token;
My Lorde will not my
Ladye seeke,
For that his harte is
broken.

My Ladye's temper is most high,
My Lorde's is eke most haughtie;
Gossips, too, between them came—
Gossips' tongues are naughtie.

Yestreen I heard him pledge her
In glasse of nobile wine;
And to-day bore I unto her,
I *guesse*, a valentyne.

For this I go now on the green,
With lads and lassies massing;
Marry! what was that I saw?
My Lorde and Ladye passing!

C. L. Snowden.

HIS FIRST MAN.

BY G. MELVILLE UPTON.

The train that had borne the regiment up from the South was side-tracked in very contracted quarters, with a cattle train on one side and a high board fence on the other. It was their second day there, and the place between the tracks on the left and the fence on the right was beginning to take on the peculiar offensiveness of a camp of men when the camp is avowedly temporary. Bits of decayed vegetables, tin cans, bottles—all the refuse of the mess when a command is undergoing the crucial luxury of a day or two near a city—combined with the steaming litter from the cattle train to make the place very tight, as the Captain of Troop E remarked.

It was during the last-rumored Indian outbreak, and four troops of the Seventh Cavalry, ordered to the front, were lying over at Denver, awaiting the rest of the regiment. The officers—those who were young enough to consider such problems—had long since exhausted every phase of the possibilities as to whether they would see a little actual service, or simply be half-frozen mounting guard on the Dakota prairies, and had given themselves up to stolid indifference and tobacco.

"I'll be hanged if I was ever in a tighter place! Reminds me of a night I spent out here on the Platte, though, before I went into the service," the Captain of Troop E remarked, as he languidly watched the awkward tow-headed squad turning out for the rather supererogatory task of relieving the guard.

Young Mr. Shortridge, who was from the Point, and had lately joined his regiment, whipped a bit of cigar ashes off the front of his blouse with his handkerchief, and focussed the captain in a look that wondered what worth remembering could have happened to any one before he went into the service.

The Captain of Troop E caught at even that. He was not used to encouragement when he struck a reminiscent vein. He had lived himself up from the ranks into his shoulder-straps. The thirty years that the feat had taken, of burning summers at unheard-of posts on the Texas border, where the beer could not be kept cool, and snow-locked winters on the Northern plains, where the punch could not be kept warm, while they had given him a picturesque quality as a story-teller, had also taken the zest of exceeding newness from his recitals, so far as most of the mess were concerned.

"It was back in the '60's, when I killed my only man," the Captain of Troop E went on, as the line in faded blue and yellow broke into twos and swung off, the light on the bugler's trumpet across his shoulder shifting brightly from mouth-piece to bell, as he stepped off at the head of the column, bent on the momentous duty of relieving the guard.

"It was just after the first gold excitement here. I had come out with the rest. There had been an Indian outbreak; a settlement or two had been wiped out, a few immigrants killed, and three troops of the Sixth had been sent down from old Fort Laramie to put a stop to the business. I remember, it was beastly hot. I had fallen in with the regiment, with the rest of the stragglers, and we had made forty miles that day—forty of the most infernal miles that any one ever rode over.

"We had camped the night before without water. Our canteens were dry, yet no one was so thirsty that he cared to leave the main column to look for water, for fear of having his thirst quenched with hot lead. Somehow the line of march of the main column didn't seem to lead to water. Once we came to an old watercourse, the bed of it as dry and baked as an adobe wall. Sometimes, as we galloped up with the front files, the hot air would come full in our faces, smelling of ooze and water-reeds, till we were sure there must be a spring or at least a buffalo wallow just beyond. But the nearest approach we found to water that day was a hollowed-out ravine or two, filled with sunflowers standing in the cracked soil that looked like stiffened alligator leather. There was nothing anywhere but bunch grass and cactus.

"Well, that lasted till toward night. Then we came to where the settlement had been, in a little draw, up from the river. There lay the bones of the oxen and the others, huddled together.

"A rusty-looking buzzard got up from the bone-heap as we rushed by into the river up to our horses' dust-caked shoulder-blades.

"But there were other things to think of besides water, though the officers had to beat us back from it with the flat of their sabres.

"On a rise just beyond the bones was an old log cabin, or rather series of cabins, with dirt roofs, which for some reason the Indians had left unburned. We thought we knew why afterward.

"The Colonel decided to stable all the horses there; for though we hadn't seen an Indian that day, we knew they were watching us, and feared a stampede.

"That done for, and our hardtack and coffee with it, the guard was doubled, and orders issued that no one should go near the cabins under any pretext, for fear some one might leave a door open. Our horses once gone, the Indians could have penned us in and picked us off at their leisure, or starved us off, for that matter, and saved their ammunition.

"The men went into camp a hundred or more yards away, down by the river.

"I, with an Indian scout, was stationed to re-enforce the guard on a knoll commanding the barred door of the stockade. We might incidentally have furnished a fine target there against the sky for some beggarly Sioux, so we set to work with our knives, and with a prairie-dog hole as a basis, hollowed out a pit large enough to hold us if we doubled up enough. As we lay there, the breeze sprang up from the mountains cool and fresh, bringing the thought of snow-drifts into that beastly hole.

"But it was light there. An Indian smeared with a stratum of red and yellow ochre, which rather retards perspiration, is not an agreeable subject, even with some veilings of purifying atmosphere around him. But in that hole!

"Then, to make it worse, the horses of the settlement had evidently been corralled there, and the refuse and straw we lay in, in the damp night air from the river, was very like what we have here now.

"But we lay still enough, while a groggy-looking moon came up and turned everything dark along the ridge. Between us and the stockade it was impossible to see anything. Half a regiment could have crawled up that draw and we never seen them.

"Suddenly, as we lay there trying to fit our elbows into the angles of that hole, a light flashed out over the rise, and some one whistling and swinging a lantern walked leisurely toward the stockade door. He made a devilish noise about it.

"I'm afraid that ragged heap of bones over the hill and the grave-like hole we were in had unnerved me a trifle. Anyhow I thought I had never heard anything so cheering and homelike as that whistling. It made me think of times when I used to go out to the barn at night when I was a kid; it was so boyish and awkward.

"'It's some boy afraid of the dark,' I whispered.

"My companion grunted, 'Yes; Injun no whustle.'

"That was so; they never do.

"'But what the devil is the young fool doing there, disobeying orders? I believe I'll scare him a bit,' I whispered; and with that I whipped up my rifle and fired at random over his head.

"The light dropped, and we heard a scurrying of feet in the dead grass, which was taken up and prolonged in the camp, as the men staggered out of their sleep, with a rattle of steel scabbards on boot legs, cursing and stumbling over each other in the darkness.

"When the excitement was all over, and the men that had got up cursing because there was an attack had thrown themselves down again cursing because there was none, my companion spoke. 'Good shot; break um light,' he said, and squatted down in his hole again.

"There was no more disturbance that night.

"In the morning they found an Indian in his war paint dead by the stockade door. He was tall, very tall, as he lay on his face in a black pool of blood where he fell, a shattered lantern in his right hand, and his head-dress of eagle's feathers thrown far forward.

"Some one turned him over, and showed where the bullet had torn a ragged hole in his throat.

"There was almost a smile on his painted stiffened lips.

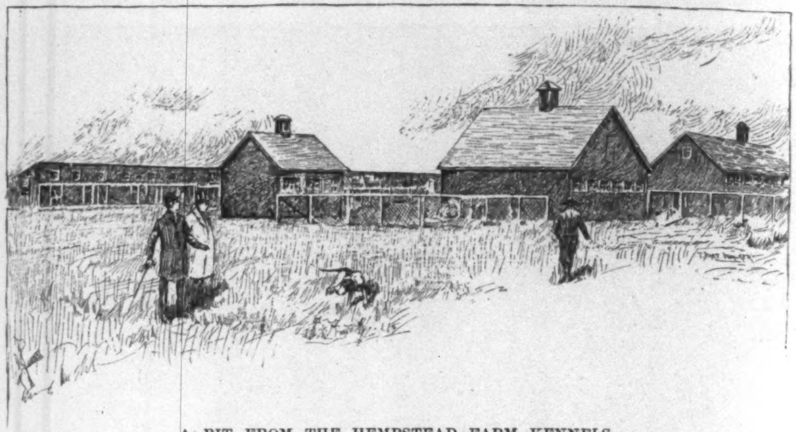
"'Ogallala; big chief; Sioux,' said my companion of the night. He was a Sioux himself. Further comment was unnecessary, perhaps unwise.

"But the mystery of that boyish whistling was explained.

"Clever, wasn't it?

"The Colonel swore himself hoarse about what might have happened, and insisted that I ought to be in the service; and here I am, confound him!

"I cut one of the silver ear-rings from the dead chief's head, and have kept it ever since. See! Looks as though it must have been hammered from an old silver dollar, and that crescent cut out somehow."



A BIT FROM THE HEMPSTEAD FARM KENNELS.

THE WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS BY G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

PROMINENT DOGS AT ITS '92 SHOW.

It was with no little trepidation that the pioneer members of the club in 1877 flung open the doors of the first New York show, with its 865 entries; but so marked was its success that the original two days of the exhibition were extended to four. From that year until this the growth of the club and the corresponding interest in its work have been pronounced. Its influence has spread throughout the country, and from it have sprung at least half a dozen clubs devoted to other and especial breeds. It has kindled and kept alive our interest, and to its persistent and well-timed efforts must credit be given for the popular recognition to which the 1250 entries this year and a daily full house during the present week attest.

The Westminster Kennel Club proper was formally incorporated in December, 1877. Previous to that time Messrs. George De Forest Grant, Dr. W. Seward Webb, William M. Tileston, and Edward H. Dixon had been associated for some time, under the title of the Westminster Breeding Association, in raising pointers. They had given a show in Philadelphia in '76, and the interest awakened by that and one in the following year induced a similar experiment in New York.

The idea was favorably considered by sportsmen in this city, and with the support of Colonel Le Grand B. Cannon, General Alexander S. Webb, Messrs. C. Du Bois Wagstaff, H. Walter Webb, William F. Morgan, Frederick Barnard, Louis B. Wright, and Edmund C. Stanton, it was decided to hold a show here. The old title was changed to that borne now, and with Messrs. Tileston, Wagstaff, H. W. Webb, Wright, Dixon, and Dr. W. Seward Webb as an executive committee, and Madison Square Garden as the scene of action, the Westminster Kennel Club plunged into the serious business of its first show.

It was a happy plunge, for it proved to be the making of the new organization. The public took to the show so kindly that the original programme was enlarged twofold, and the club made the hit of its early career by turning over the receipts of the last day to Mr. Henry Bergh to aid him in the establishment of a hospital for sick dogs.

The success of the first show naturally attracted the attention of dog-lovers, and encouraged the promoters to establish the club on a firmer basis. The membership was increased somewhat, and on December 9, '77, the club was regularly incorporated, with the following as the original members: Colonel Le Grand B. Cannon, C. Du Bois Wagstaff, H. Walter Webb, William M. Tileston, Frederick Barnard, General A. S. Webb, Dr. W. Seward Webb, George De F. Grant, William F. Morgan, Edmund C. Stanton, Oliver Islin, Lenox Belknap, J. Hopkins Smith, Louis B. Wright, F. O. de Luze, Dr. William G. Richards, Robert C. Cornell, and Huntington Denton. The Board of Directors were: General Webb, president; Dr. Webb, secretary and treasurer; Mr. Wagstaff, vice-president; and Messrs. Cannon, Tileston, Grant, Barnard, H. W. Webb, and W. F. Morgan.

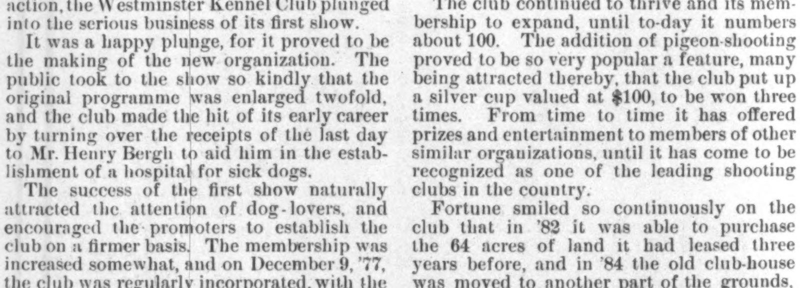
The first kennels of the club were at Pascack, New Jersey, near the residence of Mr. Tileston, where, with Sensation as the stud-dog, and Whiskey, her daughters Daisy and Flirt, and a half-dozen or more other bitches, and several puppies, nearly all of which afterward made their mark on the bench or in the field, was formed the nucleus of their present celebrated collection of pointers.

The show of 1878, the first given by the incorporated club, was a repetition of the success of the first year, and the prestige thereby acquired, together with the reputation Sensation had by this time made as a sire and prize-winner, placed the club in the front rank of kennel associations. As a result, many applied for admission, and elections continued in order until the roll showed 25, at that time the limit of membership. The increased membership created a demand for a permanent home, and in 1880 a committee—Messrs. Cornell, Morgan, and Wagstaff—after thorough search, secured a lease on the grounds at Babylon, Long Island, the club occupies to this day. They contain about 64 acres, divided by two roads into three plots, the one immediately about the house being 30 acres in extent, and well adapted to the purposes of the club.

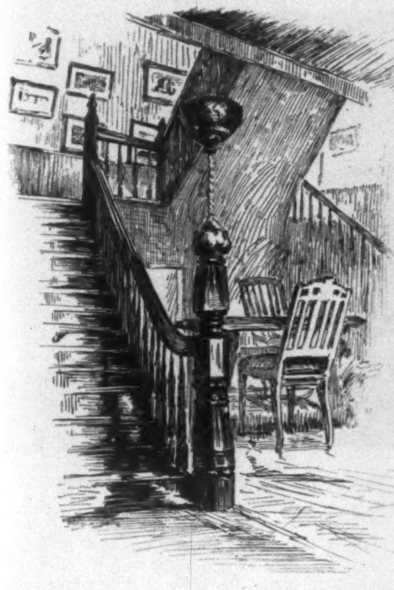
The buildings on the property at the time of purchase were old farm-houses of little value for club service; the Westminster people repaired the old buildings, altered the barns into kennels, laid out a pigeon ground, and furnished the house appropriately but simply.

The club continued to thrive and its membership to expand, until to-day it numbers about 100. The addition of pigeon-shooting proved to be so very popular a feature, many being attracted thereby, that the club put up a silver cup valued at $100, to be won three times. From time to time it has offered prizes and entertainment to members of other similar organizations, until it has come to be recognized as one of the leading shooting clubs in the country.

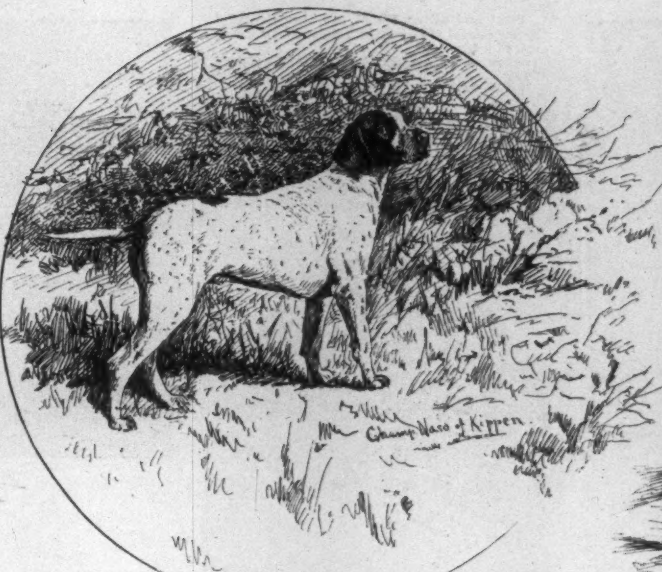
Fortune smiled so continuously on the club that in '82 it was able to purchase the 64 acres of land it had leased three years before, and in '84 the old club-house was moved to another part of the grounds, where it remains to-day, the residence of the superintendent, and on its site was erected the club-house, of which portions are shown in this issue of the Weekly. The building cost about $8000, and is 40 × 60, with a dining-room 20×40—where, at times, fifty members and their guests have dined at once—billiard, reception, and card rooms, and ten sleeping-rooms. A feature of the

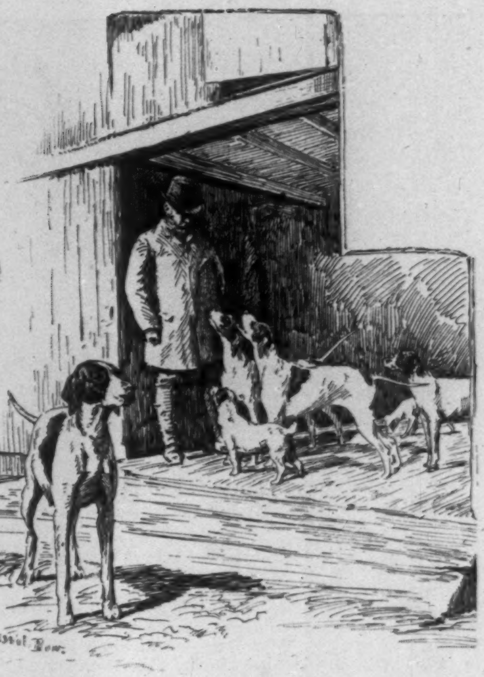


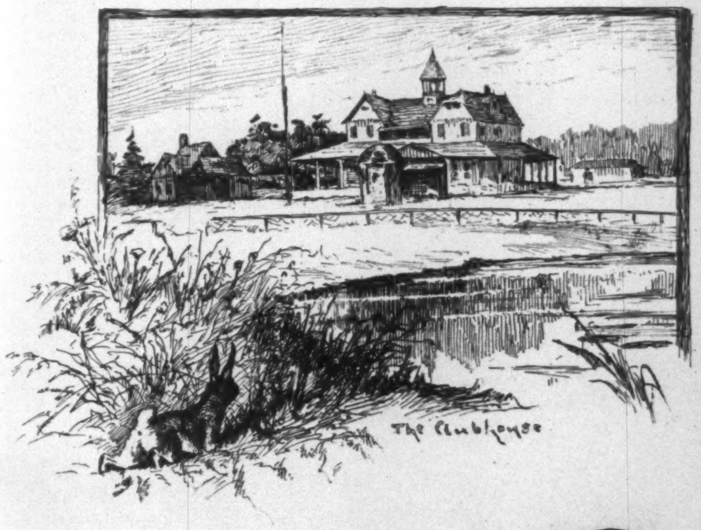
THE FLOUR CITY KENNELS



STAIRWAY AND HALL.







lounging-rooms is the fine collection of old prints and engravings and rare old books, all relating to the club and man's best four-footed friend. The house is handsomely furnished, the wine-cellar always well supplied, the meals served give general satisfaction, and it is not unusual for parties of members to spend several consecutive days on the premises. The kennels of the club are always well stocked by dogs of its own, besides a large number owned by members and received on board. As many as 200, including puppies, have been in charge at one time, and it is to the credit and long experience in such matters of the Superintendent, Mr. James Mortimer, that the kennels have been remarkably free of disease.

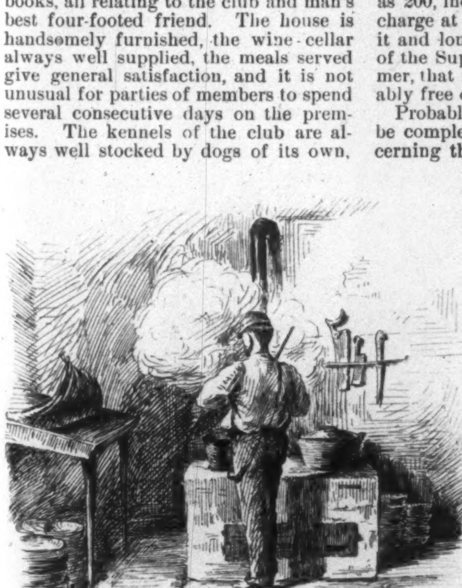
Probably no sketch of the club would be complete without a few words concerning the dog Sensation, which gave the club its first reputation as a breeder. He was purchased by Mr. George De Forest Grant in '76 in England, where he was known as Don, and under which name he was worked in the field here. He was a large-sized lemon and white pointer, about 70 pounds weight, and generally admitted to have the best head of any pointer in America, and probably in England. He was an excellent worker, of unusual intelligence, and the sire or ancestor of numerous good ones. During the first year of his importation he won for the club over $1200 in prizes, and the return from service fees was an important item of revenue. In '78 he ran in the trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club at Robbins Island and won the Pointer Cup, beating Mr. Godeffroy's well-known Croxeth, which afterwards became a famous winner. His list of prizes include: in England—First at Shiffnal, '75; First at Swansea, '75; First at Carmarthen, '76; Second at Oswestry, '75; Second at Birmingham, '75; Second at Llanelly, '75; and Second at Newport. In the United States—First and Special at Baltimore, '77; First and three Specials at St. Louis, '78; First and two Specials, Baltimore, '78; First and Special, Boston, '78; First and three Specials, Boston, '85. He died two years ago.

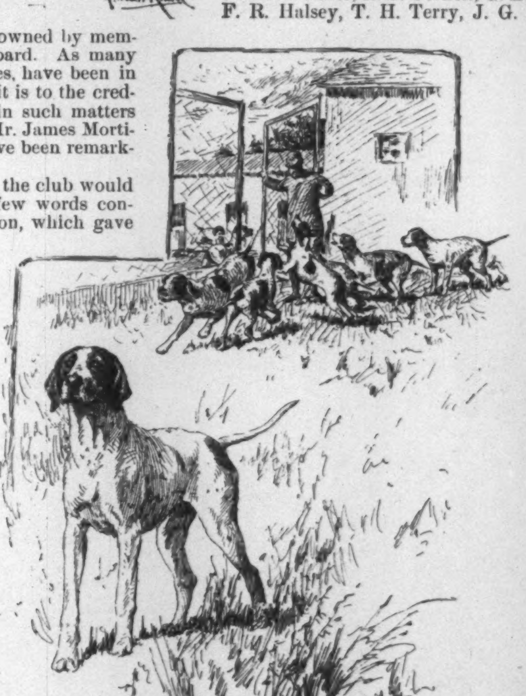
The present officers of the club are: J. G. K. Duer, president; Robert C. Cornell, vice-president; F. O. de Luze, treasurer; Thomas H. Terry, secretary. Board of Governors, J. Otto Douner, R. C. Cornell, G. Lee Knapp, F. R. Halsey, T. H. Terry, J. G. K. Duer, C. De F. Grant, F. O. de Luze, L. M. Rutherfurd, W. Rutherfurd, R. H. Williams, and Robert V. McKim.

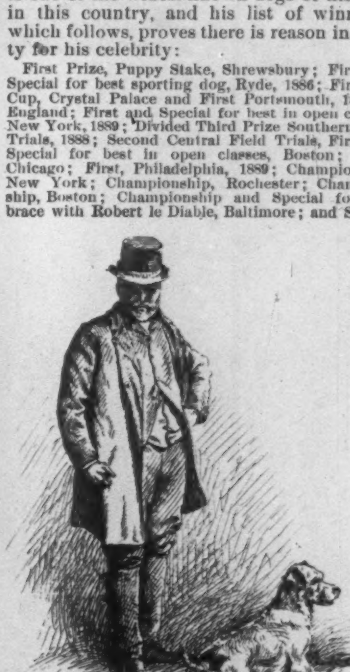
SOME OF THE CANINE CELEBRITIES.

Pointer Champion Duke of Hessen, of the Hempstead Farm Kennels, Thomas H. Terry, is one of the widest-known dogs of his class in this country, and his list of winnings, which follows, proves there is reason in plenty for his celebrity:

First Prize, Puppy Stake, Shrewsbury; First and Special for best sporting dog, Ryde, 1886; First and Cup, Crystal Palace and First Portsmouth, 1887, in England; First and Special for best in open classes, New York, 1889; Divided Third Prize Southern Field Trials, 1888; Second Central Field Trials, First and Special for best in open classes, Boston; First, Chicago; First, Philadelphia, 1889; Championship, New York; Championship, Rochester; Championship, Boston; Championship and Special for best brace with Robert le Diable, Baltimore; and Second







THE WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.

DUNMURRY.

First and Silver Medal, for best English Setter placed in any Field Trial run in America, Chicago, 1889.

First and two Specials, Toledo, Ohio, 1889.

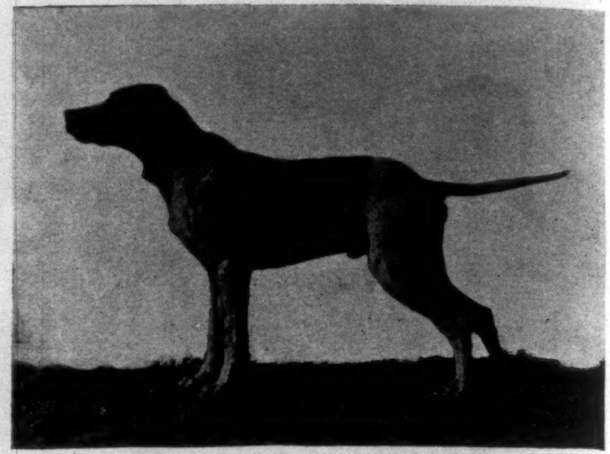
First, Detroit, Michigan, 1890.

First challenge class and four Specials, including Field Cup for best English Setter in show New York, 1891.

First challenge class and two Specials, Cleveland, Ohio, 1891.

First challenge class Special, for best English Setter in show, and Special for best dog of any breed in show, Lexington, Kentucky, 1891.

RACHEL.



DUKE OF HESSEN.

Eastern Field Trials, 1890; First challenge, Special for best Pointer with a Field Trial Record, Special for best Pointer in the Show, Special for one of best Kennel, New York; Second challenge, and one of best Kennel, Chicago; First challenge and Special one of best Kennel, Washington; First challenge and Special for one of best Kennel, Baltimore, 1891; Second Central Field Trials, 1891.

Dunmurry, the Irish Terrier, from the Park Kennels of Walter J. Comstock, is a remarkable little animal, with a long list of prizes. There are several other very fine ones in these kennels, including Boxer IV., Hanover Boy, and Crate, all worthy of publication.

Dunmurry's winnings are: Abroad—First Prize at Edinburgh, Birmingham, London, Bangor (Wales), and Sligo; Second Prize, Dublin (Kennel Club Show), London, Armagh, and Stratana. In America, '91—First Prize and Special for best, New York; First Prize, Boston, Chicago, Lynn, and Baltimore; Second Prize, Pittsburg, Cleveland, and Washington.

These second prizes were taken in mixed classes for dogs and bitches, the first prize being taken by her kennelmate, Mars. Boxer IV. will be shown for the first time in America this week.

Toledo Blade and Champion Cincinnatus, from J. E. Dager's Maumee Kennels, Toledo, Ohio, are the two best-known setters probably in existence. Their ancestry, running through winning lines for generations both on bench and in the field, through both sires and dams, speaks for itself. Their winnings are:

TOLEDO BLADE.

FIELD TRIALS.

Winner Second, All-aged Stake, Southern Field Trials, 1888.

Winner Second, All-aged Stake, Southern Field Trials, 1889.

Winner First, All-aged Stake, Southern Field Trials, 1889.

BENCH SHOWS.

V. H. C., Columbus, Ohio, 1889.

Second, Chicago, Illinois, 1889.

Second, Detroit, Michigan, 1890.

First, Jackson, Michigan, 1891.

First and two Specials, Cleveland, Ohio, 1891.

First, Lexington, Kentucky, 1891, and Special for best Setter in the open class.

CHAMPION CINCINNATUS.

FIELD TRIALS.

Divided Third, All-aged Stake, Southern Field Trials, 1888.

Divided Fourth, All-aged Stake, Southern Field Trials, 1889.

BENCH SHOWS.

First and four Specials, Columbus, Ohio, 1889.

Third, open, and First, novice class, New York, 1889.

Among the many fine dogs in the Flour City Kennels (mastiffs) of James W. Whitney, Rochester, New York, we have chosen Cardinal Beaufort, because he has never been shown in this country, is only twenty-three months old, but considered by judges to be the best mastiff in America. He is by Sir Stafford, out of Frigga; has a very deep head, small ears, and cost $1250. The mastiffs from these kennels are all so well known there is little need in calling attention to particular ones; but every one should have a look at Caution's Own Daughter, a bitch that has never been beaten except at the New York show. Dog-lovers may easily put in one evening of the show looking at the entries of these kennels—that superb bitch Lady Coleus, which has never been beaten in America, Lady Dorothy, Miss Caution, Minna Minting, and Horace. New kennel buildings have been constructed recently at Rochester which are very complete.

Every one knows of the Blemton Fox-terrier Kennels of August Belmont, and is likewise quite as familiar with the unbeaten Rachel, and her long list of winnings. Mr. Belmont's fox-terriers are acknowledged throughout the land as the finest bred in America. His kennels at Hempstead, Long Island, are elaborate and very complete.

ENGLISH WINNINGS.

Winner of the F. T. C. Grand Challenge Cup.

First, Crystal Palace; also First puppy class.

Aquarium K. C., First and Special.

Birmingham F. T., First; Oxford F. T., First.

Shrewsbury F. T., First challenge.

Darlington F. T., First challenge, 1886.

Crystal Palace, First challenge.

Barn Elms K. C., First challenge.

Darlington, First challenge.

Ryde First challenge, 1887.

AMERICAN WINNINGS.

Winner of the A. F. T. C. Grand Challenge Cup.

First, Newport F. T. C, 1887.

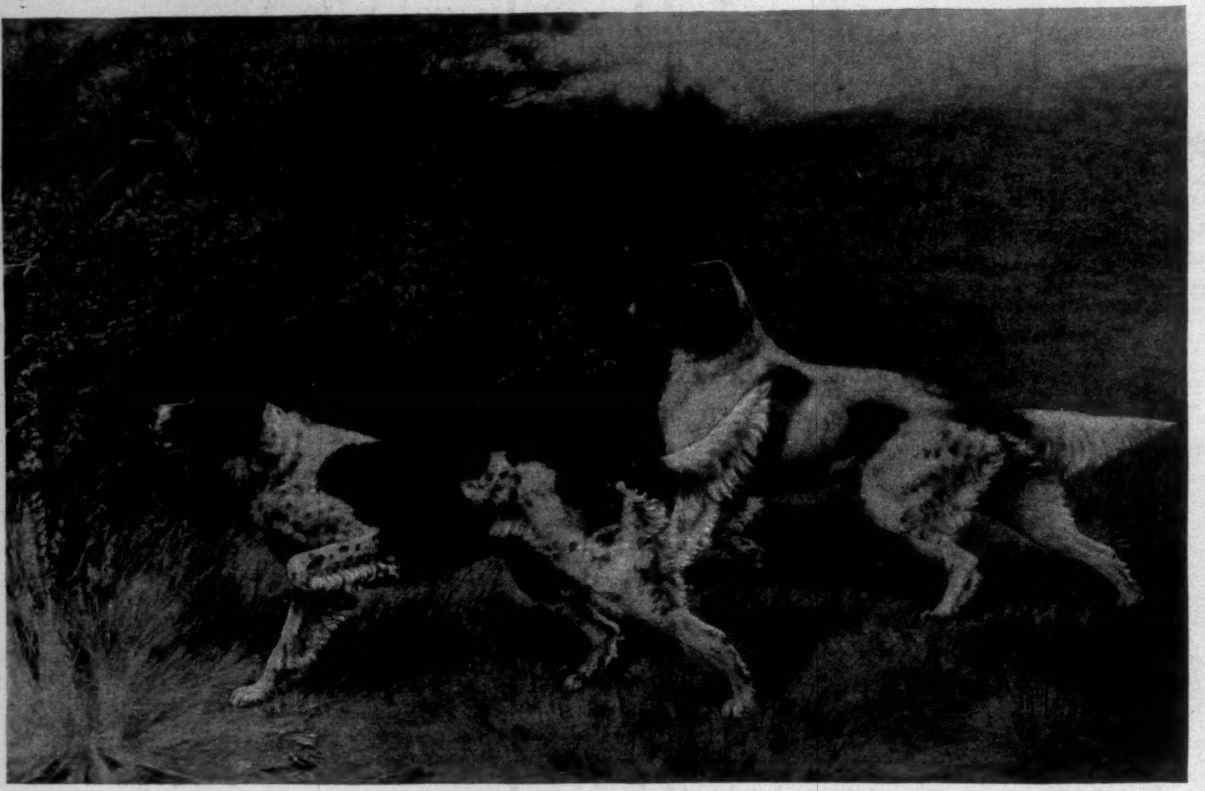
First, New York, Philadelphia, Champion Saratoga, Syracuse, Richmond, 1888.

First, Boston, Philadelphia, Albany, Rochester, Worcester, 1889.

First challenge classes, New York, Rochester, Boston, 1890.

First challenge, New York, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Washington, Boston, Chicago, and Cleveland, 1891.

And numerous specials.

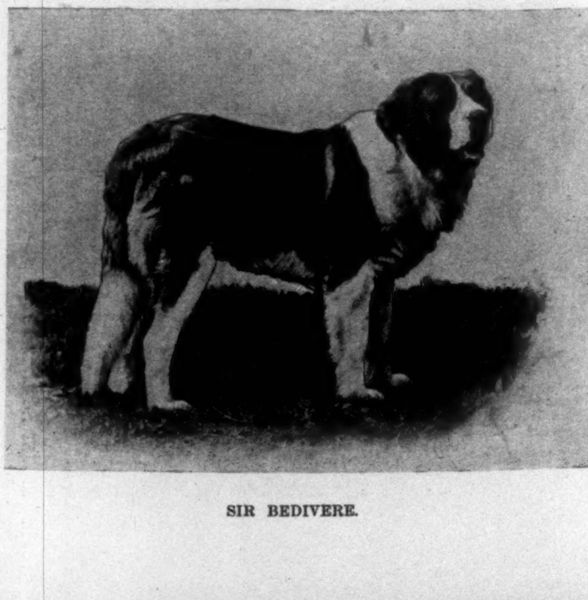


TOLEDO BLADE. CHAMPION CINCINNATUS.

That grand animal, Sir Bedivere, the rough-coated St. Bernard from the Wyoming Kennels of E. B. Sears, Melrose, Massachusetts, is another dog known from Maine to California. Of all classes of dogs this is the noblest, and Mr. Sears's kennels contain an unusual number of the most valuable, including Hesper, Plinlimmon, Jun., Lothario, Lady Willington, and Lady Adelaide II. Sir Bedivere is four years old, 35 inches high, weighs 220 pounds, and was purchased for $6000. His winnings are:

First puppy class, Warwick, 1888; First open class, and Cup, Birkenhead, 1888; First class, three, 100-guinea Challenge Cup and Gold Medal, and two other Cups, St. Bernard Club Show, Sheffield, 1888; First open class, and two Cups, Liverpool, 1889; First open class, 100-guinea Challenge Cup, and piece of Plate, Kennel Club Show, London, 1889; First open class, Cup, two Gold Medals, and the Deakin Challenge Cup, Manchester, 1889; First champion class, Cup, 100-guinea Challenge Cup, piece of Plate, and the Halsey Trophy; St. Bernard Club Show, Windsor, 1889; First open class and Cup, Birkenhead, 1889; First open class, two Specials, and Gold Medal, Scottish Kennel Club Show, Edinburgh, 1889; First challenge class and Cup, Kennel Club Show, Glasgow, 1889; First challenge class and Cup, Liverpool, 1890; First challenge class, the Deakin challenge Cup and Gold Medal, Manchester, 1890; First challenge class, and two Cups, Leeds, 1890; First challenge class, and Medal, Birkenhead, 1890; First challenge class, 100-guinea Challenge Cup, piece of Plate, and the Halsey Trophy, St. Bernard Club Show, London, 1890.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.



SIR BEDIVERE.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.—DRAWN BY E. H. GARRETT.—[SEE PAGE 210.]

THE TEACHER.

At noon within the market-place he stood,
The people gathered round him at his word,
And there he spake to them of what was good,
Waking the better thought of all that heard.

Of Love and Faith and Hope—the great Triune
That uplifts Life—he spake as one inspired
And as he taught, all hearts seemed in attune,
All hearts with nobler, higher aims were fired.

Night came; the people went unto their rest,
Stirred by desires more precious than new gold;
But all alone, with head bent on his breast,
The Teacher sat—hungry and tired and cold.

But one, whom Doubt still held, returned to ask
A question that the Teacher might explain;
He found the good man, and forgot his task
In seeking to relieve the mortal pain.

Warmed, fed, and sheltered, then the Doubter said,
"Dost thou teach truly, and yet find thy lot
Is misery?" The Teacher raised his head,
"In doing good, Self ever is forgot."

Flavel Scott Mines.

"THE GREAT COAL DEAL."

What has come to be known as "the coal deal" is a transaction that seems to affect the public interests very extensively. At any rate, it is by far the most extensive combination of railroads that has ever been effected in this country, and it has been carried through to success with absolute secrecy, no rumor of it having got abroad in advance of the open announcement on February 11th. It was at first supposed to have been effected in behalf of "the Vanderbilts," since the advantages to the Vanderbilt roads of such a connection as is provided by the combination are obvious, and since the announcement of the combination was made through bankers who do business for the Vanderbilts. It seems now to be agreed, however, that the author and promoter of the plan is Mr. Archibald A. McLeod, president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. Mr. McLeod is now forty-five years old, and has been a railroad man all his life, having begun as a roadman on the Northern Pacific when little more than a boy. He joined the administrative staff of the Reading when Mr. Austin Corbin became its president in 1886, and was by Mr. Corbin made general manager. He succeeded to the presidency on the resignation of his chief in June, 1890.

The combination he has effected is more than a "pool," and has been called, though inaccurately, a trust. By it the Reading leases the Lehigh Valley and the New Jersey Central roads, and the promoters of the lease have secured such an interest in the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western that that road, though it remains for most purposes independent, and is not to share the earnings of the others, is supposed to be so secured as to act in harmony with them. The roads enumerated control the production and transportation of seventy-five per cent. of the anthracite coal mined in Pennsylvania, the residue being under the control of the Pennsylvania and the Delaware and Hudson roads, which are not included in the combination.

The terms of the leases are as follows: The Philadelphia and Reading undertakes to operate the Lehigh Valley road, guaranteeing its stockholders five-per-cent. dividends till July, 1892, then six per cent. till July, 1893, then seven, and divide with the stockholders the excess of profit over seven per cent. till the dividends reach ten per cent., after which the surplus goes to the Reading. It guarantees the stockholders of the New Jersey Central seven per cent., the excess above that rate to be equally divided.

The advantages of the arrangement to the Reading are obvious. It has ample terminal facilities of its own in Philadelphia, and it acquires equally excellent facilities belonging to its leased roads in New York Harbor. It secures also a connection westward to Buffalo, and terminal facilities at that place. It is proposed also to have but one central agency or sales department. The economies, indeed, are very obvious, and it is given out that it is upon these economies, and not upon extortion, that the combination relies to make the increased earnings guaranteed by the Reading, and for the payment of which it is said to have deposited $2,500,000 of securities.

But it is equally obvious that the power of a combination which controls the production of anthracite coal is very great, and the public might prefer an assurance that such a power did not exist to an assurance that it would be mercifully used. It has been found in all pooling arrangements that the competitive element somehow survives and asserts itself; but the pool of earnings is a very different and a much looser arrangement than the combination which controls the coal trade, and which is in turn likely actually to be controlled by one man, the president of the Philadelphia and Reading road. For this reason, while the stockholders of the roads involved look upon the arrangement now arrived at with unmixed satisfaction, various protests have been heard upon the part of the public. The arrangement is one that seems contrary to the spirit if not to the letter of the law. Doubtless the promoters of the combination have had and followed the best legal advice obtainable, but it remains to be seen whether they have succeeded in effecting an impregnable compact. The courts of Pennsylvania have heretofore enforced with rigor the principle that all combinations in restraint of trade are unlawful, and they have enforced it in cases that seem to be parallel with this. It is said that there are also special statutory provisions in Pennsylvania which may be invoked to invalidate the compact. However that may be, the combination itself is a most striking proof of the boundlessness of the resources at the command of energetic and ambitious men of affairs. Anthracite coal is a prime necessity, as much as grain, and more than any single grain, and the supply of it, if the combination now formed can be maintained, is monopolized. That such a monopoly should be possible gives rise to very serious reflections. Thus far, however, no action has been taken on behalf of the public, except the appointment of two committees of investigation by the Legislature of New Jersey.

THE STATE AND LIFE INSURANCE.

On January 22d, Mr. Pierce, the State Superintendent of Insurance, made public the results of an examination made by his department into the affairs of the New York Life-insurance Company. The examination was undertaken in consequence of attacks begun last June in the New York *Times* against the management of the company. The examination so far sustained the charges that early in February Mr. W. H. Beers, the President of the company, resigned, and on February 12th Mr. John A. McCall was elected in his place. The official condemnation of the management of the company was necessarily alarming to all holders of policies of life-insurance, and injurious to the business of life-insurance. The State supervision of the business of life-insurance is one of the main guarantees of the policy-holder, the other being the reputation of the company in which he is insured. In this case both these guarantees seemed to have failed to prevent very wasteful management. The facts in the case of the New York Life had for a long time been accessible to the officers of the State department. Yet no official statement of them was made until they had been unofficially stated in a newspaper, whose sources of information had apparently been inside of the corporation, and such as were not available to the ordinary policy-holders. To this extent the supposed safeguard of State supervision had failed. As to the other safeguard, the New York Life possessed it in a large degree, and this also was found to be untrustworthy. Whatever may have been the suspicions whispered to each other by experts, the public regarded the New York Life as one of the three greatest and most secure companies, on the same footing with its rivals as regards safety, and some of the very investments that had turned out to be injudicious had the effect of advertising very widely the wealth of the corporation. Yet it seemed that the high repute of the President and of his trustees did not prevent the President from adopting, with the connivance, or at least the acquiescence, of the trustees, a policy which the State Superintendent of Insurance, after his attention had been called to the subject, did not hesitate to describe as "calling for the severest criticism and condemnation, and which, if continued, must prove ruinous to the company."

In spite of this, the Superintendent declared his opinion that the company was still solvent. Obviously, however, it was quite out of the question for a company, the management of which had been thus condemned, to hope for any accession of the new business without which no company can remain solvent. Accordingly, the trustees undertook to make changes in the management. Considering that the condemnation of the management was a condemnation of themselves, it could not be expected that the concession of the trustees to public opinion should be very prompt or very liberal. It consisted, at first, of an acceptance of Mr. Beers's resignation as President, while continuing him as "financial adviser," at a salary of $37,500, instead of the $100,000 which he had received as President. Mr. John A. McCall was invited to the Presidency, and in consequence, as is supposed, of his conferences with the governing body, the newly made advisory office was abolished, but the salary of $37,500 was continued to Mr. Beers as a retiring pension. The trustees also passed a "self-denying ordinance" that no trustee should also be a salaried officer of the company. Four trustees accordingly retired, and their places were filled by four men of the highest social and financial standing, of whom the most widely known are Mr. W. C. Whitney, formerly Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. Charles S. Fairchild, formerly Secretary of the Treasury. On February 12th Mr. McCall became President of the company, at an annual salary of $50,000.

The new President was born at Albany, and is now in his forty-third year. He has been connected with the business of life-insurance since his earliest manhood, having been a clerk in the Albany office of the Mutual Life considerably more than twenty years ago. In 1870 he became connected with the Insurance Department of the State, and from 1872 was employed to collect and prepare statistics for the annual report. In 1876 he became Deputy Superintendent, and in 1883 was appointed, by Governor Cleveland, Superintendent. A reappointment was offered to him by Governor Hill, which he declined to become Controller of the Equitable, in which office he remained until he was elected President of the New York Life.

IN BOSTON'S LOUVRE.

BY T. RUSSELL SULLIVAN.

Those who have ever strolled through the Louvre on a Sunday afternoon will remember how much it is frequented by certain types of the Parisian populace who find that day of the week the only one available. In some of its smaller rooms—the beautiful Apollo Gallery, for instance—one is often forced by the crowd to turn from the objects visited to contemplation of his fellow-visitors, and no traveller who keeps his eyes and ears open can fail to be interested in the little groups that pass and repass him. Every grade in the *bourgeois* class is represented there, from the well-to-do shopkeeper o. the quiet Marais to the *ouvrier* in his blouse, straight from Saint-Antoine. A very few moments serve to show that the curiosity of these various companions is not an idle one, for their searching looks and expressive gestures are full of intelligence. Moreover, the poorest Frenchman seems to have been born with an epigram in his mouth. He is something of a critic too, and the bits of his talk overheard by chance often furnish matter for reflection not to be found in any guide-book.

This pleasant experience can now be duplicated, in some respects bettered even, strange to say, in our own prosaic land. For a long time the public has been admitted free of charge to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts on every Sunday in the year, from one o'clock to five in the afternoon. The daily attendance during these four hours has steadily increased. For the year 1890 the average number was 2060 by actual record, double that of the admissions on Saturday, the other free day, and twenty times that of the remaining five days of the week, when an entrance fee is charged. These figures speak for themselves most eloquently. The Sunday visitors to the museum are those who have no other day at their disposal, who were it closed on Sunday could never enter its doors. Prominent among them are many workmen of the highest order—college professors, well-known merchants, men of routine—gladly forgetting here the dull monotony of their busy lives; but the majority is made up from what is called the laboring class, as any one may ascertain who will take the trouble to spend an hour in their company.

On passing the turnstile, which clicks incessantly from the first moment to the last, such a student of human nature is immediately impressed by the entire self-forgetfulness of these people, who come there to see, not to be seen. No matter how closely they may be watched and studied, they will never discover it. They have no uneasy doubts about their looks; they are not conscious of their clothes. Upon entering, the men take off their hats, in accordance with their own unwritten law, for no request to that effect has ever been made. But it often happens that a man will wear his hat for the first five minutes without perceiving that this is contrary to custom; then whipping it under his arm, he will glance nervously about for an awkward moment, until he finds that even his nearest neighbors have never noticed his trifling breach of etiquette. Like himself, they are occupied with other things. They have not come out to enjoy a dress parade, yet unconsciously they are losing one of extraordinary picturesqueness; for if the crowd of which they form a part lacks something of the French vivaciousness, its infinite variety is unmatched even in the Louvre itself. Here are soldiers in uniform; trig man-o'-war's men from the Navy-yard; Italian women in their native costume, with bright neck-handkerchiefs and ear-rings; a party of chattering Chinese in full rig, with their cues coiled about their heads beyond the reach of mischievous foreign devils in the shape of small boys; Japanese students with bristling shocks of hair; rough working-men, young and old, of all nations, black and white, uncollared and uncuffed, splendidly unconventional throughout in their apparel—and all entirely at ease. The right of way is theirs, as they know, and they mean to make the most of it. This is the people's palace, in which the least distinguished is entitled to a full share, so long as he does not abuse the privilege. He is taking a look at his property, and taking it very deliberately; for these few hours he belongs to the leisure class; when he is tired he will sit down to rest, and then go. There is no hurry; the whole afternoon is before him.

It is a pleasing and suggestive fact that one of these modest shareholders rarely makes the round of his estate alone. The father brings his boy with him, and serving as cicerone, confirms and increases little by little his own store of knowledge; in teaching the youthful mind to care for the Hermes of Olympia, he himself finds new beauties in it. The husband brings his wife, often the whole family too. These domestic groups break up curiously at times when some ruling passion asserts itself. Here is one of the "hard-handed men that work in Athens," probably a stone-cutter, who has been drawn away from his party by some small reliefs of Germain Pilon; he stoops over them, completely absorbed in their delicate detail, while his wife, holding her little girl by the hand, waits for him patiently. She cannot feel his interest in these things, but her turn will come later, among the embroideries and brocades. In the Japanese room, two artisans whose interests are identical, forgetting how their afternoon is going, stop before the old lacquer to discuss processes, and to wonder how such and such results may be obtained. The engravers upon metal honestly admire the cunning incised work of the ancient armor; the shop-girls compare notes about certain stuffs far exceeding in richness any they have ever handled. Thus individual tastes crop out, and what is in the workman's own line naturally detains him longest. And now comes in a group of quite another character, equally interesting in its way—a pale middle-aged woman followed by seven small boys, obviously her class at school. They are much excited by the collection of swords, and ask questions, which she courageously tries to answer. In the jewel-room two detachments of the gayly dressed Italians already mentioned, coming together around a case of Oriental ornaments, have devoted twenty minutes to a minute inspection of every ring, necklace, armlet, and head-dress, criticising or approving one object after another in melodiously occult dialect. They, too, have decided tastes, and know how to follow them up, where to stop, and when to hurry on. They will divide their time discreetly between these trinkets and the portraits of the Virgin in the gallery of old masters, leaving the rest for another day. But they will come again; the chances are that this is not their first visit, and assuredly it will not be their last.

How much of what these people see do they understand and appreciate? How much real good do they get out of it, after all? These questions must always occur to one whose attention is drawn for the first time to this host of unassuming visitors. The best answer to that has already been given here by implication. Go repeatedly and observe them carefully for yourself. You will find, of course, that the degree of appreciation varies with the individual capacity. "Travelling," says the philosopher, "gives a return in proportion to the knowledge that a man brings to it." And the return yielded by study of the fine arts is proportionate likewise. But it is safe to say that not twenty of the entire two thousand pass through the museum without positive gain and the desire to gain more. Of open-mouthed vacuity, staring at all as at an empty show, and rushing by to have done with it, there is astonishingly little. While such signs of boredom are almost wholly wanting, the eagerness to learn manifests itself on every side. In the Parthenon room the model of the Acropolis is always surrounded; the explanatory photographs are considered in their relation to the casts again and again. Two young art students make their own comparison of the "Venus" and the "Victory," and then look for further information in their joint copy of the catalogue held between them. Those who cannot buy the catalogue stop to read the description cards slowly and thoughtfully, and to review the subject in a new light. There is no loud talking, no tendency to boisterousness or disorder of any kind, to be detected; on the contrary, the majesty of art has a subduing effect upon this convention of its unconventional votaries. It inclines them to speak in whispers, as if they were moving forward toward some royal presence-chamber; and the masterpieces of Greek sculpture, upholding a supremacy that is eternal, rarely fail to awe them into silence.

Who can doubt that this widespreading subtle influence is entirely good? No one, surely, who is willing to submit to the *argumentum ad hominem*, to put it to the test, and, by giving it a fair trial, to judge it calmly. The sternest Puritan, the most stubborn advocate of a rigid Sunday-closing law strictly enforced, if he would only go and look, throwing prejudice to the winds, must inevitably be touched by what he sees—by the striving for self-improvement of these fellow-creatures who lack his advantages, the value of which he half forgets; by their strong interest in what they can comprehend and apply on the spot; by their simple reverential attitude toward all that soars above them. Such an investigator might go to scoff, but he would remain to pray; he would take off his hat not only with them, but to them, for on their higher development depends the future of America. "Sitting upon down," said the great Italian poet, "one cometh not to fame." But here, in this rude soil, fame's seeds are sown already; here are the germs which, wisely cultivated, may yield us painters and sculptors of later growth—even poets, philosophers, and statesmen in the years to come. Here Knowledge unrolls "her ample page, rich with the spoils of time," to every reader. In withholding it from the humblest we do humanity a grievous wrong.

AMATEUR SPORT

Yale in her present attitude reminds me of a certain type of mankind we all know: he is the steady, capable, level-headed fellow who works along at his business for 360 days of the year. On the 361st day he looks upon the wine which is both red and exhilarating, and forthwith gets most uproariously drunk. During his period of wild abandon he makes his friends very tired, but they do not take him seriously, knowing him to be a good fellow at heart when sober; sooner or later his hilarity runs its course, and then when once again his hat fits his head, he retires to the seclusion of his dressing-room, and contemplating the image reflected in his glass, he mutters, "My, my, but *what* a fool you are when drunk!"

For the first time since I have been writing on college athletics it becomes necessary to criticise Yale. A more arbitrary, boyish exhibition than that given by her baseball men in the conference with Harvard at Springfield is beyond imagination. There is no argument to make on the subject; nothing can be said; the propositions speak for themselves. Yale proposed three games—the first on neutral grounds, second at Cambridge, third at New Haven on Commencement day; which was tantamount to saying to Harvard, "We don't care about playing with you; but if we do play, you must come over in our yard; so there!" Yale adhered to this, and would not consider any deviation whatsoever. Harvard declined the remarkable offer, and submitted: First, a proposal to play four games, and a fifth in case of tie, as in former years. Second, a series of two games, and a third in case of tie, the first at Cambridge, June 23d; second in New Haven, Yale Commencement day, June 28th; and third on neutral grounds, July 2d. Third, a series of two games only, as in the second proposition, without tie.

Yale absolutely refused to consider any of these, insisting that their proposition was the only one they would accept. Of course, the dates of some of Harvard's propositions might have been unsatisfactory and could have been arranged, but Yale did not discuss the subject at all. Unless Yale comes down off her high horse, there is not likely to be any baseball with Harvard. Effort will be made in the next few days, however, by level-headed graduates to bring the two together again, and in the mean time the baseball advisers at New Haven will be rushed off to Keeley's White Plains Institute for a few injections of bichloride of gold. It is indeed too bad to think of these two colleges being unable to play ball because of such utterly absurd legislation, and it is really very funny to one who can look back of these foolish propositions, and see just what it is that rankles.

About two years ago Yale and Harvard were falling on each other's necks with the prospect of a dual league that would ignore Princeton; now they are restive under contracts, and rowing with one another in their eagerness to play Princeton. There is quite an interesting history of all this—but then that's another story.

To win one year by no means guarantees success for the year following. Harvard won from Yale last June at New London, and we are continually hearing that "with all her old men back" the result of the race next June is all but a foregone conclusion. There can be no division of opinion that Harvard's boating prospects never were so bright as they are for '92. Defined policy,—harmony, and the backbone of a winning crew—here is a combination that should enable Captain Kelton to do much for the aquatic glory of his *alma mater*. But it will be disastrous to run away with the idea that there is no work ahead, or that the race is a "sure thing." Few Harvard boating men really think so; it is only among the mass of happy-go-lucky undergraduates, who are dazzled by the victory of last year and the return of several of the winning crew, that such a will-o'-wisp is followed. Men who have pulled an oar in a winning shell often make the most difficult and unsatisfactory to handle, from the simple fact that they feel they must have about struck their pace the previous year, and that there is nothing for them to learn.

Careful study of the situation at Cambridge as it stands to-day, however, makes plain the fact that to win, Harvard must make quite as great an effort as she did last spring, if, indeed, not a greater one. Of the men who rowed and won against Yale, four are now to be found in their places. Powers, to whom belongs in a great measure the credit for last year's victory, is debarred from rowing on account of the severe illness he has survived, which has forced him not only to give up trying for the crew, but also to abandon his college work for a time. Vail's experience at football appears to have been too much for him, and he finds himself unable to get into proper condition, as yet, for heavy training. As he sustained no serious or permanent injury, however, and the season is yet very young, he must be considered a possibility. The same applies to Leynam, who is just now too busy at the medical school to think of rowing. He is too good a man to lose, and the chances are, if he is really needed later on, he will be found in the boat. Captain Kelton has at present, therefore, to content himself with Rantoul, Newell, and Cummings—good men, to be sure, but by no means representing the skill and strength that the other men possessed.

Of the new material, about which so many good reports reached me in the early winter, I saw no strong evidence in watching the crew at work in the tank the other afternoon. In bow's seat was Canthorn (L. S.), a fairly well-built fellow, but as yet unskilled in the rudiments of good rowing. His movements were awkward, and he by no means handled his sweep in a promising manner. Evidently trying to do his best, he nevertheless showed his inexperience in every movement. It will take the hardest kind of work on his part to fit himself for a place in a 'varsity boat.

Bond, '94, at two, gave the impression of not taking quite enough interest in his work. He was apparently satisfied that he was doing well enough without too much of an effort. I remember him last year in the Freshman boat, and my impression of him then was that he could do much better if he only devoted himself more closely to his work, and not be contented simply with holding his place in the boat.

Newell, '94, at three, was attending strictly to business, and it was a pleasure to note him paying as much attention to detail as though for the first time he were trying for the 'varsity. He has always been a favorite of mine, and it is a deep gratification to see a Harvard man force himself down to work, even though he has been through the mill before. He is by no means a finished oar, but the spirit and willingness to work are there, and we shall see him pull in much better form by the time the crew gets on the water.

Slade, at four, did not impress me as a particularly promising man, so I passed him over with the thought that he would have to do some great work, of which as yet there are no symptoms, before he could be considered a likely candidate.

Rantoul, at five, was doing about as usual. He is always good for all there is in him, but it is a question whether a better man cannot be found to fill his place, and allow him to take a position nearer the bow.

Cummings, at six, was half asleep when I saw him. His time was wretched, and he swung on to the stroke in sections—that is, he lacked firmness in his catch, and allowed his shoulders to give and his back to bend.

Of Captain Kelton there is no criticism to be made. His work evidenced the earnestness and careful study that characterize the man, and is seen in everything he undertakes. I noted that once having taken his place in the boat, he threw the entire responsibility of the crew upon Mr. Adams, who was coaching, which shows that he at least appreciates the fact that he has his own rowing to attend to as well as any other member of the crew. Unless I am greatly mistaken, Kelton will make Harvard the best boating captain she has had in many years.

Ninde was stroking the crew, and, so far as could be judged, he was doing it fairly well. He must, however, save his strength on the recover, and learn the proper time to rest himself, or else he will never find himself in condition when the time comes for the crucial test. A new man to Harvard rowing, he nevertheless gives good promise, and a little coaching as to the proper way of handling himself will develop him into a likely candidate for the position.

The crew, as a whole, is doing fairly well, considering the rawness of the major part of the material, but as yet I can see no reason for regarding the race with Yale as a foregone conclusion. Half the men have had no experience, and the other half, barring Kelton, are not all that could be desired for a university crew. Captain Kelton must strengthen several positions if he hopes to repeat the success of last year.

It should always be remembered that at this time of the year a crew shows at its greatest disadvantage. The enthusiasm of the first few weeks has evaporated, some of the new men have dropped out, a few are hanging to the monotonous grind of building up with commendable tenacity, while the captain is kept on the rack, hoping for the return of the old men. The new men that persist are just beginning to get off the very raw edges and moving in a little better form, but the improvement is so little and the men so new, it is folly to make an estimate of their value. Moreover, an opinion based on a man's early form is frequently fallacious. Many a man shows up well in the tank, filling the coach with roseate fancies of a crack oar, and never does so well once he is in the boat. Other men start in with great enthusiasm and zeal, which rapidly ooze out of their finger-tips as they swing monotonously forward and backward, surrounded by the bare walls of the tank-room, and with no spectators save the critical coach and a few curious undergraduates.

The University Athletic Club is the present talk of clubdom. It continues to thrive and expand at a rate that astonishes even the half-dozen enthusiasts who brought it into the world. The wonder seems to be that we should have gone along all this time without such a club. On every side one hears expressions of amazement that no one ever thought of it or moved in the matter before. An especial die should be made to commemorate the founding of the club, when its emblem has been chosen, and a medal cast and given to each of the original incorporators, after which the die should be destroyed. Now that the Racquet Club's old quarters at Twenty-sixth Street and Sixth Avenue have been rented, the Council is kept busy passing on applications for membership. If they continue coming in at the present rate, the limit will be reached before the club gets a roof over its head, a fact that speaks volumes of the confidence in the club's trustees and the popularity of the project. These quarters on Twenty-sixth Street will answer the present requirements of the club very nicely; they contain two racquet-courts, gymnasium, fencing and boxing rooms, bowling-alleys, billiard-room, baths, etc., and it is expected they will be refurnished and ready for occupancy by May 1st.

While Yale, Harvard, and Princeton are wrestling with the question of baseball and football dates and agreements, Cornell, Columbia, and the University of Pennsylvania, as the Intercollegiate Rowing Association, are endeavoring to determine on a course on the Hudson River for its regattas. This Association, by-the-way, grows daily in favor among college men generally, who see in it an opportunity of developing the boating departments where now they are not, and infusing new life into those at present maintained in a more or less perfunctory manner. The first movement towards the formation of such an association was made last June, during the races at New London. It had been felt for some time by the three colleges interested—Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Cornell—that New London was an undesirable place for several reasons, the most important of which were, first, that it was entirely too inaccessible for the three colleges mentioned to ever hope to obtain a fair attendance of undergraduates at the races; second, that the expense of getting crews there was no inconsiderable item; and third, that the course was manifestly an unfair one, if more than two crews were entered in any one event, since of the three or more some one would necessarily be in slack-water or eel-grass.

These reasons, and the fact that the principal interest at New London centred in the Yale-Harvard race, led to the unanimous opinion that a change was not only advisable, but necessary. The Hudson River was named as the best place for holding the annual regatta, because of its central location, and having all the necessary conditions for a good course. It is the hope and intention of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association to make the coming regattas quite as successful as the old Intercollegiate regattas used to be years ago, and the constitution and rules of the new will be modelled after the broad lines of the old, which threw open the entry list to all colleges. In fact, it is the object of the Association just formed to make the annual regatta a national affair, where the aquatic strength of every college may be tested and the superiority of one determined. The officers look forward with confidence to the day when we shall see, as in the old regattas along in the seventies, ten or twelve American colleges represented, the winner of such an event to endeavor to get on a race with England, and settle at last the question of supremacy on the water between the mother country and its more vigorous and independent offspring.

The idea is good, very good, and there seems to be no reason why it cannot be carried out to the very end, even to go abroad. There is little doubt that it would stimulate rowing at the smaller colleges, and remove the unpleasant reflection of playing second fiddle, as they undoubtedly do now at New London. The Hudson naturally appears as the place above all others on which to hold such races. Aside from its natural beauty, it is located directly in the heart of Eastern population, its railway facilities are unexceptional, and, what is the most important of all, it is near New York, the home of college men. The choice at present lies between Poughkeepsie and Newburgh, both within a short ride by boat or rail of New York city, and either one is so near the colleges especially interested that a good undergraduate attendance at the races would be assured. Aside from these facts, both the towns are very enthusiastic on the subject of rowing, and would do a considerable to make the event successful. Newburgh appears to be more favored by college men than Poughkeepsie, on account of the better course to be obtained. From Fishkill Ferry up to Damskammer Point is a stretch of water sheltered from all winds except the easterly, and very apt to be smooth at the time of year in which the race is rowed. There is about a two-and-a-half to three mile current along here, but the river broadens out into something of a bay, so wide that the chances of any one being favored by a channel would be exceedingly remote. At all events, whichever course is chosen, the Association is certain to make its regatta successful.

Such exhibitions of water polo as that at Providence, February 13th, between the New York Athletic Club and Metropole Club teams are an abomination unto the sight, and a deep injury to the game. If the future of water polo is to have any consideration, such games should be discontinued at once. The tank at Providence is so shallow that, with the exception of at one end, the men can wade easily. Their team has several extraordinarily powerful men, whose play is to simply get the ball, and then wade to a goal. So strong are these men, that we, here in New York, saw them make a goal dragging half the M.A.C. team along with them. In Providence, with the very shallow tank, their style of play was invincible, but it was not water polo, and the New Yorks will be very foolish if they play them again in a tank so shallow. Another notable feature in this Providence game was the persistent hanging on to supports along the sides of the tank by the Metropole men. If the game is to be played in this manner, why not draw off the water in the tanks, and have a genuine catch-as-catch-can wrestling match. Water polo is a game capable of much skilful play. The only team playing it with the proper interpretation to-day is the N.Y.A.C.; the others will never learn until they drop the by-main-strength-and-awkwardness style of play.

Although Mr. John A. Roosevelt's ice yacht *Icicle*, of the Hudson River Club, conclusively proved its superiority over *Scud* (the North Shrewsbury Ice Yacht Club crack boat) in the race for the Challenge Pennant of America, February 5th, it has left an uncertainty concerning the possibilities of Mr. Archy Rogers's boat *Blitzen*, which is sure to result in a race. In the championship event the *Icicle* jumped away in the lead at once, but the *Blitzen* was a close second, and before reaching the up-river turn had taken the lead. She still kept to the front at the next turn, but shortly afterwards, as she was rushing up the river the second time, her peak halyards parted, and she was out of the race. Now the question is, could she have maintained her lead thoughout the race? The *Icicle* was in great form, and flew along as though on wings, covering the twenty-mile course in 46 minutes 19 seconds, the fastest time by just 10 minutes and 41 seconds made in any race for this Challenge Pennant. It also makes three times in succession the *Icicle* has won the trophy. The wind was strong north during the race, the ice hard, but with a slight scale on it. While at the upper stake the boats reared badly, and it is a wonder some of them did not turn over. The *Scud* finished two miles behind the *Icicle*.

Lawn-tennis dates have been determined by the National Association to be: Tropical championship—now held by Ollie Campbell—St. Augustine, Florida, March 10th; Magnolia Springs, Florida, March 15th; Tampa Bay, for championship of Gulf coast, March 29th. Quite an effort is being made by the latter place to make their tournament the notable one of the South, and arrangements are to be made, it is reported, on a most elaborate scale. The national championship in singles will be held at the Newport Casino, provided the Casino Company subscribes the usual $250, and in addition erects a suitable grand stand, which, if carried out, by-the-way, will destroy a great deal of the picturesqueness that has added so great a charm to the place heretofore. The wisdom of that demand is very doubtful. The Newport tournament is really, so far as numbers of the spectators go, much of a social event; at least 50 per cent. of those who attend prefer standing about and chatting, and it is doubtful if they would occupy a grand stand, unless, of course, it was very roomy, and permitted of moving about. However, a grand stand would be a blessing to the other 50 per cent. of us, who go there for the sport, and not to exhibit our best bib and tucker.

The women's championship tournament will be held on the Philadelphia Cricket Club's grounds, as will also this year the mixed double championship. It is to be hoped it will attract more interest than it did last year. At the regular meeting last week H. W. Slocum, Jun., was elected president; H. A. Taylor, vice-president; V. G. Hall, treasurer; J. T. Whittlesey, secretary; and the executive committee, O. S. Campbell, J. S. Clark, James Dwight, E. E. Stickney, and E. P. Tuttle. Lawn-tennis interests are in good hands with so efficient a board of officers.

The athletic games of the Boston A. A. and the University of Pennsylvania developed two facts bearing on the Intercollegiate championships next May. First, that Harvard has a lot of new men certain to be heard from, and that Bloss is likely to be formidable in the shorter sprint; and second, that Trainer Turner's work at the U. of P. is already noticeable in the starting and judgment in pace. Bloss established the world's record at 4⅗ seconds in the 40-yards dash at Boston, and Turner, of Princeton, ran a half-mile through a big field and around a 15-lap track in 2.02. Harvard's entries at Boston were large, and all her men showed up well. They scored altogether 40 points, the B.A.A. being second with 18. The U. of P. games brought out a couple of men in the half-mile—F. H. Lee and J. B. Large—who ought to be heard from, while J. H. Wilson's performance of 4.55 for the mile around an 18-lap track was by no means bad. Caspar W. Whitney.

"WHAT 'LL YOU TAKE FOR THEM?"—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

THE LATE DAVID D. WITHERS.

THE SAGE OF BROOKDALE.

The death of David Dunham Withers at the Brevoort House in this city on Thursday last removes the only man whose personality completely dominated the government of the turf in this country. Mr. Withers was a bachelor seventy-one years of age, was born in Greenwich Street, New York, of wealthy parents, made a large fortune in his early years as a planter in the South, a still larger fortune as a banker, and devoted the last twenty-five years of his life largely to the promotion of the turf in the United States, and to the expansion of the breeding interests of the country, so far as those interests represented the development of the thoroughbred horse. The estate of the dead turfman, it is believed, will not fall short of $3,000,000.

Mr. Withers was recognized as the Admiral Rous of the American turf, and generally known as the "Sage of Brookdale." Along in the fifties, when the great Lexington made the renown of the American thoroughbred horse known in Europe and in Australia, Mr. Withers became interested in the turf. From the South he went to Europe during the war, and in the early seventies, when the famous Longfellow and the great Harry Bassett were fighting their equine battles on the tracks of the Atlantic seaboard, Mr. Withers came into prominence in the North as a turfman of great wealth, whose sole ambition was to elevate racing to the dignity that it had attained in England. He associated with himself gentlemen like the late August Belmont, the late William R. Travers, the late Leonard Jerome, Mr. A. J. Cassatt, Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Mr. James Galway, Mr. John Hunter, and Mr. Odin Bowie. He became the recognized head of turf interests in the East, and the tracks then existing were absolutely controlled by him and his associates for the pure purpose of sport, independently of any profit that might arise therefrom.

The growth of racing and the financial possibilities to be derived from the ownership of race-tracks brought forward men of large capital who had no honorable instincts, and who cared nothing either for the progress of the turf or the future of racing except as a business venture. Track after track was established in New Jersey and New York, and power from time to time slipped from the grasp of Mr. Withers. He had, however, always an abiding faith in the future of racing, and to the end believed that it could attain the dignity which belongs to it, notably in England and Australia. When Messrs. George L. and Pierre Lorillard and Mr. August Belmont among others retired from the turf, Mr. D. D. Withers tightened his hold upon the reins of government, and invested additional money in race-track property.

He believed that the elements he controlled could adjust the progress of the turf to conditions that would meet the approval of the best class of people. He set out to achieve these ends, and in doing so antagonized men who looked upon racing as a purely commercial transaction, and in antagonizing them, he created a warfare on the turf which has existed for several years now, which exists at the present time, and which has in New Jersey created a public sentiment that threatens to wipe racing out of existence. Mr. Withers organized the Board of Control, comprising the four most powerful jockey clubs in the East, and as chairman of this autocratic body he sought to make laws for the government of the turf which should control the smaller jockey clubs, and determine the status of all horsemen, trainers, jockeys, and horses participating in the races north of Maryland and east of Ohio. This directly brought about the friction which has caused the present attacks upon racing in New Jersey, and raised two strong factions upon the turf between which it was impossible to make any peace.

With the going of Mr. Withers there will probably be an end to all the indecent strife that has made the turf a byword of reproach for several years. He was strong enough to hold his own associates together and to outline the policy of his associated tracks, but he was not strong enough either to control turf-goers or the opinions of those practical horsemen who cared less for the sport than for the money. With him will probably die all the factionalism which has existed, and it is not improbable now that all the financial elements embraced in the Eastern jockey clubs will come together and frame legislation that will unify them all, and bring the turf up to a standard not quite so high as Mr. Withers wished to have it, but high enough to please the average race-going American. Mr. Withers made few friends, but kept them all. He made enemies on the turf because of his dictatorial methods and his rigid ideas in racing; but now that he has passed away, no doubt all the enmities will be forgotten in a combination of interests that will do much to efface the harmful effects brought about by the rival factions in the last few years. Mr. Withers was honorable to the highest degree. He was a sportsman of the old school. His ambition was wrapped up in the turf, but unfortunately he sought only to progress his own ideas, and never cared for or used the advice of horsemen who were more in touch than he with the public. At his Brookdale Farm in New Jersey he had a magnificent stud, where he developed some of the greatest race-horses of the past decade. Just what will become of his live-stock in racing and the stock in the Monmouth Park Racing Association is now a matter of doubt. The other stockholders, Messrs. A. J. Cassatt, James Gordon Bennett, and J. A. Morris, are not over-enthusiastic about racing in New Jersey, and it may happen that the magnificent track at Monmouth, which was the pride of Mr. Withers's life, will be offered for sale to the highest bidder.

John A. Hennessy.

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Life holds no woe for me. I know full well,
However evil things may seem to me to-day,
Some future joy is certain to dispel
The clouds that lower darkly o'er my way.

And I have noted that one taste of bliss,
E'en though 'tis but a taste, hath joyous meed
To compensate for all that goes amiss,
On which a soul in sorrow long may feed.

No night e'er was whose darkness did not fade;
No storm e'er raged whose course was not soon run;
And so my soul, by troubles undismayed,
Doth simply wait the coming of the sun.

John Kendrick Bangs.

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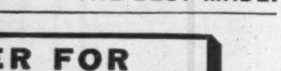

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THE final nail has just been driven into the coffin of the monarchical party in France by the public revelation of the Comte de Paris's discreditable intrigues in connection with the policy and welfare of the Church. He had already forfeited the good-will and allegiance of the vast majority of the Royalists by his undignified and shameful dealings with the late General Boulanger, and now the discovery that he has been selfishly planning to deliberately sacrifice the parish clergy, who up to a few weeks ago have been the most active and devoted agents of his propaganda, bids fair to destroy the few remaining vestiges of popular sympathy which he had still retained. Henceforth the village priest, whose influence, both political and spiritual, over his parishioners remains far more powerful than is generally admitted, will direct his energies against the Comte de Paris instead of for him, as hitherto. For the clergy now perceive that had his project succeeded, the whole of them, to the number of some 50,000, would have been deprived of their stipend from the state, and left entirely dependent upon cold charity.

Shortly after the return of the Comte de Paris from his last visit to the United States, he set to work to recover the ground which he had lost in France by his connection with the Boulangist conspiracy. Accordingly he founded a half-political, half-religious association, known as the "Union of Christian France," with the object of rendering the interests of the Church co-ordinate with and inseparable from those of the monarchical party. He succeeded in persuading the Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Richard, who is bound by old ties of gratitude and friendship to the House of Orleans, to lend his name as Metropolitan and Primate of France to the scheme, and to take an active part in its organization. The parish clergy were taught to believe that their own future, as well as that of the Church, was seriously menaced by the anti-clerical leanings of the republican government, and that their only salvation lay in the restoration of the monarchy. Every priest, therefore, became, to all intents and purposes, a political agent and canvasser of votes for the Comte de Paris. The scheme, moreover, had the additional advantage of increasing the popular subscriptions of funds for the monarchical movement, for many persons who, after the Boulanger episode, had announced their determination of refusing to contribute anything more towards the Royalist propaganda, were induced to relent on the understanding that the welfare of the Church was involved in the matter, and that their money was needed for the service of a religious rather than of a political agitation.

Had the Comte de Paris remained content with the knowledge that both the episcopacy and the clergy were quietly exercising their power and influence in his behalf without any overt act of hostility towards the state, he could not have failed in course of time to have reaped the benefit of their valuable support. Egged on, however, by his wife and his son, as well as by the younger members of his council of advisers, he determined to strike some bold *coup* calculated to restore the prestige which he had forfeited at the time of the Boulanger adventure. Accordingly he issued instructions, through Comte d'Haussonville, to all the committees of the Union Chrétienne in the various cities, towns, and villages of France to commence without further delay an open and active warfare against the government. Inasmuch as the parish priests were the presidents and chairmen of the committees in question, this practically involved an order on the part of the Count of Paris to the clergy to assume an attitude of direct hostility to the state which paid them their stipends. The object of the Pretender was to drive thereby the government to deprive the recalcitrant bishops and priests of their pay. This would have involved a rupture of the Concordat between the Holy See and the French government, a course that could not have failed to gravely affect the popularity of the latter among all classes of citizens, and to have seriously handicapped its position both in the Chamber and at the polls. It was just this that the Comte de Paris had in view in directing the committees of the Union de la France Chrétienne to assume a militant attitude towards the administration, and, for the sake of covering the latter with odium and of reaping a mere temporary political success, he was prepared to sacrifice the 50,000 parish clergy and bishops of France.

Leo XIII., who is one of the most enlightened and far-seeing statesmen of the age, was quick to see through the manœuvres and projects of the Comte de Paris. Determined to prevent the Pretender from serving his political interests at the expense of those of the Church, he addressed a pontifical brief to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, commanding the French clergy to abandon their opposition to the government, to openly proclaim their adhesion thereto, and to preach from their pulpits obedience instead of disobedience to its laws. The letter created the greatest consternation in the monarchical camp, and also among the French cardinals, who, with the exception of the Archbishop of Carthage, Mgr. Lavigerie, had, at the instigation of the Archbishop of Paris, publicly espoused the cause of the Pretender. After a hasty deliberation between these prelates and the representatives of the Comte de Paris, it was decided that Cardinal Richard should decline to permit the papal brief to be read in all the churches of France, as directed by his Holiness, and that he should substitute in its stead a proclamation of an entirely different character, bearing the signature of the five cardinals of France. Thoroughly aroused by this act of flagrant disobedience on the part of Archbishop Richard and of the principal members of the French episcopacy, and determined at all costs to prevent the abolition of the Concordat, and the withdrawal of the subsidy of $15,000,000 which the French government annually devotes to the Church, Pope Leo caused his Nuncio at Paris to make the French people acquainted through the press with the inside history of the latest plot of the Comte de Paris.

BUSY TIMES IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

BY L. J. VANCE.

IF the Adirondacks be a lively place in midsummer, it is also a busy place in midwinter. You would think so if you saw all the choppers, loggers, and lumbermen in squads of fifties and hundreds, the teams of oxen and horses, the scores of logging camps, the thousands of logs on their way down the Hudson or Schroon River; the huge mass of logs in the "big boom" two miles above Glens Falls where are the largest wood-pulp mills in the world, on the very edge of the woods.

The real stir in the Adirondacks begins with the first snowfall. About this time there is a great demand for choppers and loggers. From many quarters come all sorts and conditions of men—Canadians, Green Mountain boys, Yankees, etc. And so in the course of a few weeks thousands of men are seen entering into the dark depths of the great woods, and no more is heard of them until spring. Meanwhile they are living, or rather "roughing it," in a lumber camp, which is simply a small or large collection of log huts or bark shanties. A gang of men bunk together in true Bowery lodging-house style. On one side of the shanty bunks are arranged for the choppers; there is a table in the middle of the room; on the opposite side is the bed of the man and wife hired by the contractor to cook for his men. Barrels of salt pork and bags of rye flour stand in one corner, and you can imagine the daily bill of fare. A lumber camp is a first rate place for turbulent spirits, who can have all the fighting they want. However, the majority of "loggers" are orderly and well-behaved, and the desperate cutting and shooting affrays of former years are now of rare occurrence.

The chopper sharpens his axe at night, and before daybreak the next morning he is at work driving the glittering blade into tree after tree. The chips fly and cover the snow around; the cut grows deeper and wider at each stroke; the tree sways a little to one side. The chopper then stands on the other side and gives two or three finishing blows; with a creak and a groan, down comes crashing the giant of the forest. The branches are trimmed and top cut off, and the trunk cut into "standard logs," viz., nineteen inches in diameter and thirteen feet in length, or the equivalent. Expert choppers will cut from fifty to seventy-five logs a day; some have cut as many as one hundred logs in a day, but that is, of course, under the most favorable conditions. The contractors pay their choppers according to the number of logs cut, and the wages will range from $25 to $40 a month and board.

The next thing is to draw the logs out of the woods. Sometimes they are chained together and dragged out by horses or oxen, but usually they are piled on great sleds and taken to the nearest creek or stream. But the most difficult and dangerous part of the lumberman's work lies in sending thousands of logs to market. How is that? The logs are rolled into the creeks, which swell to rivers by spring freshets. A log may catch on a huge bowlder, and at once it becomes the king pin of a "jam." Now comes the danger. It is always a bold undertaking to free the imprisoned log; for as soon as that is done the jam breaks suddenly, and the drivers run for the bank. What was a solid jam for a time is now a jumping, plunging, squirming mass.

Thus, after some work, worry, and excitement, logs from different parts of the Adirondacks come together at Schroon Lake. Then rafts of five and ten thousand pieces are made up, and are towed to the "big boom," which is an immense storage-place for the Hudson River lumbermen. Here logs remain chained together until the spring floods are over; and here, and at Feeder Dam, logs are sorted and claimed by their owners, who have a registered brand or mark on each log. Those logs not selected by the saw and wood-pulp mills are sent on to Troy, Albany, and to New York, where there is a demand for spars, masts, and spiles.

Did you know that the Adirondack trees are being slowly but surely turned into paper? It is a literal fact. The voracious wood-pulp mills are eating up spruce logs at the rate of 150,000 a year. Half a dozen of these mills have a daily output of 220 tons of wood pulp, and those who read New York papers can see where most of it goes. To sum up: 10,000 men are now engaged in cutting, hauling, and handling logs in the Adirondacks; 500,000 logs are floated into the Hudson River during the season; and the lumber tract is controlled by less than a dozen individuals or concerns.

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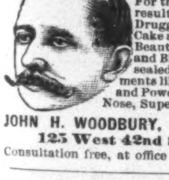

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In an article on **The Capitals of the North-west,** Mr. JULIAN RALPH recounts the recent marvellous development of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and also of another pair of twin cities—Duluth, in Minnesota, and Superior, in Wisconsin—the lake ports of the great wheat region of which St. Paul and Minneapolis are the centre.

Miss CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON contributes another of her charming Italian stories, entitled **Dorothy,** illustrated by Mr. C. S. REINHART; and Mr. WILLIAM MCLENNAN continues his series of Canadian Habitant Sketches in the story of **Johnnie Rawson and Chunky Peters,** also illustrated by Mr. REINHART.

The **Story of London,** which Mr. WALTER BESANT has made as lively and entertaining as a novel, is concluded with a picturesque description of the city in the time of George II.

Mr. DE BLOWITZ, the distinguished correspondent of the *London Times*, tells the story of one of his most remarkable journalistic feats, how he got the first authentic news of the **Proclamation of Alfonso XII.** as King of Spain from the lips of the young King himself. The narrative of his interview with Alfonso is of thrilling interest.

The series of papers on the Danube, **From the Black Forest to the Black Sea,** is continued in a second article by Mr. POULTNEY BIGELOW, with illustrations by Mr. ALFRED PARSONS and Mr. F. D. MILLET.

A timely article by Mr. EDWARD ANTHONY BRADFORD, entitled **America for the Americans,** shows the attitude of the several States towards the property rights of aliens.

In **Our Gray Squirrels** Mr. ERNEST INGERSOLL presents a careful study in natural history, the result of personal observation, beautifully illustrated by Mr. J. C. BEARD.

The interesting **Personal Reminiscences of Nathaniel Hawthorne,** by his college classmate and life-long intimate friend, HORATIO BRIDGE, U.S.N., are concluded.

Mr. JULIAN RALPH, in an article entitled **Talking Musquash,** concludes his picturesque review of the old Hudson's Bay Fur-trading Company, superbly illustrated by Mr. FREDERIC REMINGTON.

The Editorial Departments—the **Easy Chair,** by Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS; the **Study,** by Mr. W. D. HOWELLS; and the **Drawer,** conducted by Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER—conclude an exceptionally entertaining Number. The **Literary Notes** by LAURENCE HUTTON.

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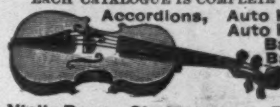

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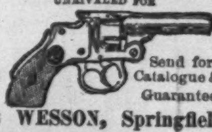

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